THE
COMMONWEAL

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PAGANS, OLD AND NEW

IT IS not overstating the case to say that religion as a major topic is gaining in popularity. Rather less than two years ago, on the occasion of the canonization of the Jesuit martyrs, The Commonweal thought itself justified in noting that religion had "made the front page." It admits it was thinking then of the added editorial and news space accorded to Church affairs when they were matter of news, rather than to any desire current literature was evincing to enter the lists pro or con. What is being referred to now is the space and position that American magazines of the more weighty and reputable sort, such as the Atlantic Monthly, the Forum, the North American Review, Harper's and Scribner's are prepared to set aside month by month for long and considered views on the religious position both within and without the older Church.

At the outset, let it be made clear that the innovation (for such it is) does not present itself as yet in a form calling for unalloyed complacency. The articles we have in mind are essays on religion oftener than religious essays. Some of them (though surprisingly few) are frankly hostile to the ideals the Christian should have most at heart. Others, even when friendly and appreciative, pay the body of dogmatic faith the dubious respect accorded to something that has gone beyond the reach of asperity by the simple process of "passing on." One opportunity especially that previous neglect of the subject affords is taken full advantage of. It adds spice, timeliness and the dramatic element that editors are unlikely to miss when considering manuscripts, to represent the demise as a new discovery. "I suddenly realized," declares a woman writer on Beauty and Religion in the March number of Harper's Magazine, "that almost all the 'religious people' I knew were born a decade or more before the twentieth century came in....Today it is almost conventional to be indifferent to religion.... And yet the idea of religion remains a personal, perpetual challenge to everyone who is mentally alive."

Anyone mentally alive and alert enough to scent an untenable paradox will perceive at once that this picture is overloaded. Shrewd editors do not devote many pages a month to reducing circulation, nor offer the reading public matter to which indifference is assured in advance. But a statement that will not bear argument may be useful in registering sentiment. Changes in human outlook sweeping enough to transform the face of the world as well as its thought have sometimes been accompanied by phenomena violent enough to call attention to the change. But there is no reason to believe this need always be so. A transformation quite as effective and even harder to deal with may go on unperceived save by that handful of

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thinkers who can always be relied on to relate a host of disparate facts to a general movement. One great French writer and witness to the Faith who disappeared in the catastrophe which swept the world ten years ago, put the matter not only picturesquely but accurately: "The pagan blood is flowing back."

In this case, anything that clears up the situation is welcome, whatever its source. The believer who is writing or speaking for the things nearest his heart with a persuasive end in view has a right to know the nature of his audience, if only because the success of his plea must depend so largely on the echoes he arouses. These will be one thing with a generation that has jettisoned the Christian idea once for all by deliberate choice. They will be quite another with a generation that has grown up in veritable ignorance of his premises, not to be imputed it for blame. Shakespeare, writing upon the morrow of the great religious change in England, could incorporate the practices, the liturgy and the fashions of reasoning used by the outlawed Church in his dramas with a perfect assurance that they would be understood. A Shakespeare, writing even fifty years later, when Puritanism had accomplished its task, would have found himself speaking in alien language to a bewildered audience.

A growing disbelief, complete enough even to have got rid of the element of self-consciousness, is so evident to some observers that Mr. Aldous Huxley, one of the keenest among them, has just been telling us his generation is "the most pagan that ever existed." One result has been to arouse a new interest in the very early history of the Church and in the problems that confronted the first Apostles. Writers as far apart in intention as Monsignor Duchesne, Labriolle, Georges Sorel and Lanciani have already studied the period in what may be called its uncatastrophic aspect. The persecutions and civil wars spaced over four centuries are no longer relied upon to give us the whole story. It is pretty well established that the downfall of the Roman world is the leading instance on record of a law which wills that sterility and decay wait upon material fulfilment.

The parallels between the old civilization and the new are too striking not to tempt many writers and thinkers to an analogy that is at least as full of pitfall as suggestion. Before making up our minds that Christianity will sooner or later have to be preached to a pagan world, it will do no harm to strike a balance of similarities and differences. There is only space in such an article as this to mention a few. The task of feeding great masses of non-agricultural people today as in the far past, is never far from the calculations of men who think more than a few decades ahead. Moreover, in the new world as in the old, it is accompanied by a certain disheartenment among those on whose shoulders the task rests. The concentration of capital and the growth of a class with no control over their economic destinies disturb other thinkers, among whom Gilbert K. Chesterton and our own Governor of Maryland are sufficiently contrasting types. More striking still is the conviction among the governing classes, needless to verify, and peculiarly "old Roman," that political evolution has reached its term, and that administration rather than change will be their function in the future.

It is when we leave the field of fact and enter that of thought that differences, comforting on the whole, begin to appear and thicken. Behind the superficial brilliance of its speculations and the ornaments of its rhetoric, the old pagan mind was inherently dark and closed. The mind of the new pagan is enlightened and receptive. The old pagan was cruel. The new pagan is humanitarian—excessively so in the opinion of some stern legists. The desiccated religion of the later Roman empire, merged as it was in administration, patriotism and good form, presented no difficulties to the pagan philosopher, old style. It is his contemporary brother that we look to find most naturally in revolt against the scarcely less arid forms of religion, whose extremes are the convulsions of revival and the drab precepts of behaviorism. To sum up the contrast in a single sentence: early Christianity was preached to a generation brutalized or numbed into stoicism for lack of a vision. "What profit had you," the Apostle could reasonably ask, "in the things whereof you are now ashamed?" Christianity today must be preached to a generation obsessed by the alternative vision which science, physical and psychological, is offering it, and often without any knowledge that there is another vision which, if loyally and luminously kept in view, would fulfil truth but never impede it.

A volume might be written upon the new obligations and responsibilities this position, unprecendented in the world's history, is imposing upon believers who would gather and not scatter. One that will not take more than a few words to state, may be mentioned. It is plain that the modern Christian must be prepared to find ideals which are really his reaching him in a form whose disguise it will take all his charity and courage to pierce. Even when this is not the case, there must, it would seem, be a frank recognition that many schemes of life which seem new because they are so old are being offered in frank ignorance that they are displacing anything more worthy, and, in the long run, more effective. There must be coöperation, greater than now exists, between minds in darkness and minds in light, between those who feel the road beneath their feet as well as see the goal before their eyes, and those who are groping for a path that is lost or overgrown. Some of the least worldly people today are to be found outside any body of belief whatsoever. Some of the people most obviously touched by the finger of Christ know the Saviour of mankind only as a human teacher whose failure somehow irradiates every forlorn hope and selfless enterprise that history records or the future holds in store.

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WEEK BY WEEK

TO HEIGHTS of fury undreamed of have the Teapot tempests risen. Many a sage has long since remarked that the cargo of oil leases was surmounted with a compass pointing straight toward party politics. But whether the haven of ultimate responsibility would ever be arrived at was another question, and nobody could answer it. Now, during the lapse of a mere two weeks, the course has led through the Republican National Committee, through the Treasury, through the Harding estate, out into the wide, still waters where many of the lesser fry have gamboled. The cruise was particularly interesting when it touched upon the jaunty and chirrupy continent of Will Hays. Here the scenery was of such a character that Mr. Frank Sullivan, of the New York World, was inspired to remark: "The recent developments in the oil scandal, especially the testimony given by Will Hays, would make a corking good scenario for the movies, but we're not going to bother working on it, because the chances are fifteen to one that Will's rigid moral standards would force him to veto it as too raw for the public." A classical description, in its way. But Mr. Sullivan is a representative Democrat, and the effect upon Republican spectators was naturally somewhat different. Senator Borah feels keenly the responsibility incumbent upon the party, and urges restitution of the gifts accumulated by the enterprising Mr. Hays. Senator Couzens rose to resolve that the country restore Mr. Mellon to private life. Recapturing integrity through such fierce sallies does not, however, appeal very strongly to everybody.

MORE than a little of the final outcome depends upon the light that can be gleaned during the course of the forthcoming Sinclair trial. The importance of this has dwindled, however, as the result of the absence—and silence—of Mr. Fall. And so it is quite likely that Republicanism must begin the 1928 campaign on the terrain now bequeathed by 1920—a rough and rocky terrain over which oratory cannot glide easily. One great possible source of relief is apparent. If, in spite of refusals thrice laconically handed down, Mr. Coolidge can be induced to carry the party banner again, the people will see their G. O. P. enshrined in the person of its regenerator. Against the adamantine confidence which millions of voters feel in "silent Cal," the worst adjectives might shatter into dust. Those who have been sure all along that the President ought to run again are now armed with the best of conceivable arguments. And who knows but what the personal desire that rang out genuinely in three brief examples of the New England negative may give way to the demands of party welfare? Not even Mr. Coolidge, however, can avert the eyes of the nation from the moral and political degradation through which it has passed, or can halt the resolution to get at the bottom of the mess as completely as that is possible.

FROM what the press has said regarding Foreign Relations, a volume into which the State Department has compressed a quantity of material relative to wartime diplomacy, we judge that it is a singularly interesting and important publication. Here, for instance, the fact is revealed that as early as September 29, 1914, a "secret conference" between Mr. Robert Lansing and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador, was held for the purpose of discussing the arbitrary attitude toward neutral rights and blockade rules which London was assuming. Public opinion in the United States was tinged with indignation. The "gravity" of this was "fully appreciated" by the British ambassador, who was informed by Mr. Lansing that the Order in Council "would arouse a storm of protest when its provisions were understood and would be successfully used by the enemies of Great Britain in this country." The adroitness with which London wriggled out of the difficulty is particularly striking when compared with the awkward blundering of Germany. The Order in Council was withdrawn, but every stipulation it contained was preserved in some other form. Of almost equal interest is the light thrown upon Mr. William Jennings Bryan's efforts to circumscribe the "hostilities in the Pacific." These were brought to a futile conclusion by Japan's ultimatum to Germany, engineered by London.

MORE than once it has been the pleasant duty of The Commonweal to offer such comments as we deemed appropriate when a deserved and distinguished honor has been conferred upon one of our Calvert Associates. This time it is Mr. William V. Griffin to whom we extend our most sincere congratulations upon

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his receipt, from Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, of the high title of Knight Official of the Crown of Italy. The honor is in recognition of Mr. Griffin's discriminating and constructive charity toward Italian orphans in the United States and Italy, and particularly because of his benefactions to Villa Victoria, the Italian-American convent and school at Trenton, New Jersey, an institution which is the creation of Bishop Walsh, now to be transferred to a greater field of activity as Bishop of Newark. The Commonweal has in preparation an article dealing with the very important work that is centered about Villa Victoria—a work which, in our judgment, represents the highest type of "Americanization" activities anywhere being conducted: the task of making young Italian-Americans truly American without undue suppression of their inherited cultural traits and, above all, without neglecting—on the contrary, by enhancing—their Catholic faith. In this high enterprise, Mr. Griffin has been a tower of strength to Bishop Walsh. Nor can we forget, in extending our felicitations, that the same wise and energetic coöperation which he gave to Bishop Walsh has been at the service of The Commonweal ever since its inception. We cannot, as the King of Italy has done, bestow honors upon Mr. Griffin, but we can and do take advantage of this opportunity to acknowledge our debt of gratitude, and to offer our hearty thanks. Knighthood is still, in its best and highest sense, a living force among Catholic gentlemen.

UNEMPLOYMENT in 1928 is a phenomenon in which business as well as social action is interested. To the first it means that a number—now estimated at four million—of potential purchasers are without the means to buy. To the second it is a sign that the machinery of production is not functioning adequately. Thus the bulletin of the National Catholic Welfare Conference expresses the conviction that "public building projects" are mere palliatives, incapable of adjusting production and consumption. It feels moreover that conditions in the coal fields constitute a "test case." Rehabilitation of the industry is sought through amalgamation—a "coal trust." But, we are reminded, "trusts, price-fixing and limitation of output are common enough in the United States and have not cured unemployment." The remedy must be sought through more general social action, urging such matters as a living wage and coöperative management. A more thorough analysis of the situation is offered by the weekly information service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. This is, indeed, the most valuable treatment of the subject we have seen. It presents facts, outlines several remedial programs suggested by various schools of inquiry, and closes with a number of recommendations. In view of the well-known evil effects of joblessness—evident to all who have given five minutes' thought to the problem—it should assuredly receive the most sober and undivided attention of the entire American community.

AS WAS inevitable, the quarrel in English ecclesiastical circles over the new Prayer-Book has drifted to a quarter where the sentiments of the sacramental wing of the English Church begin to be heard. Hitherto the objections of the evangelical wing, to the changes, backed as they have been by a mass of Protestant dissent outside the Anglican Church, have overpowered the voices of those sincere (though we believe misled) believers in an apostolical succession to whom the compromise was distasteful on quite other grounds, but who had been prevailed upon to consent to it from motives of loyalty and discipline. The present position is summed up in an editorial from the Sunday Times which the New York World's correspondent sent over last week, and its significance may be safely left to speak for itself: "All the gallant attempts of the bishops at compromise and conciliation have failed. The latest modifications have merely succeeded in dissatisfying Anglo-Catholics. They have alienated a fresh section of the church without reconciling the old." And the organ of the High-church party goes on to assert that "of the 1300 Anglo-Catholic priests who agreed to support the Prayer-Book loyally last autumn, not a tenth would today repeat the pledge."

WE ARE very far indeed from rejoicing over the trials of our separated brethren, many of them men so closely akin to us in spirit and ideals that it sometimes seems reunion is only waiting upon some act of corporate will. But we think this latest effort of the British Parliament to recall its establishment to a sense of its true position and function may not be without a certain wholesome and salutary bitterness. A good deal of the mist raised by an ardent desire to heal the breach with the older Church must have cleared away during the past few months. The dictation by the state must now appear in something more than the light of an accident. The conviction that it proceeds from the very constitution the national church assumed when it parted company with the universal must be making its way into a good many heads, mitred and unmitred. In his Lenten encyclical to the faithful of the Westminster diocese, Cardinal Bourne, we notice, has taken up the historical side of the matter afresh, and has summoned fact to support the claim that what was merely schism in Henry's reign became heresy in that of his daughter. Significantly he recalls that whereas only one bishop, Blessed John Fisher, was brave enough and clear-sighted enough to resist the first change, even to blood, fifteen out of sixteen Marian bishops refused to countenance the claim of Elizabeth and lost their sees in consequence. Insisting that nothing happened in the interim to explain such a divergence will not bear the cold light of truth. To expect another Oxford Movement as a result of the present English Church crisis is probably an illusory hope. The present generation is, we fear, more pragmatic, and better armed against the impulses of generosity than the men of the eighteen-forties. But it is interesting to see the dilemma of the

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control of state over church recurring in all its old poignancy eighty years after the Gorham judgment. Repairs never really hide a structural flaw.

CONGRATULATIONS, naturally none the less warm because they are to a brother in letters, go out on our part toward Mr. Patrick Scanlon, managing-editor of the Brooklyn Tablet, for some of the observations he felt compelled to make before the Loretto Council of the K. of C. last week. Referring to what he went so far as to term "the sordid corruption that has apparently saturated civic life, not only in a dozen states, but in the central government at Washington," Mr. Scanlon asks where, in the midst of this let-down in morale and manners, we find the much-advertised agencies whose lobbyists haunt the corridors of the Capitol building and whose headquarters stand within a stone's throw of the Capitol steps—"the Anti-saloon League, the various Methodist boards, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." We are much afraid that nothing better than our over-worked friend at need, Echo, will be found answering the question, which is an oratorical one through no fault of Mr. Scanlon. The very powerful and courted organizations he names are far busier inventing new sins than identifying old ones under new and plausible disguises. Meantime we maintain that the twist in the national conscience they have effected by bartering away a true apostolate for political power and by throwing the emphasis of right living upon a few overt habits of life that enable them to make their power felt in legislatures, courts and the daily life of our people, are not the least among the factors that have contributed to the "moral slump" which Mr. Scanlon justifiably deplores.

YEAR after year Catholic Charities, of the New York Archdiocese, have set an excellent example to all Americans. Economic distress is naturally more obvious and extensive in the crowded metropolis than elsewhere, owing largely to the fact that persons who cannot find work in smaller cities go trudging off to Gotham. City and state do what they can to provide relief, but there are countless men and women who turn instinctively to the Church or who need the especial kind of succor which Christian charity alone can give. What other agency, for instance, could so effectively combine either spiritual consolation or moral improvement with alms? Naturally, however, it would be futile to talk of Catholic charity if the faithful did not actually make generous contributions to the cause. During recent years no complaint on this score has been in order. The various drives for funds, to which His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, has given so much of his personal attention, have testified to a widespread realization of what contemporary metropolitan social problems are. It has been possible to extend the work far beyond the scope of "poor relief" and to undertake practically the whole of the social worker's program.

IT IS imperative, we feel, that this enterprise be maintained at, and if possible, even extended beyond, the level attained. That abundant good-will supports this feeling in every nook and corner of the Archdiocese no one can doubt; but there is always some danger lest willingness to "let the other fellow do most of it" affect the outcome of the campaign for funds. By bringing Father William Kerby from the Catholic University to address the committee of directors, an exemplary "advance measure" has been taken. No one else has labored so diligently to render popular a lofty conception of Christian charity, or to see it realized in practice. In relaying his words to their wide audience, the directors will be bringing glad tidings to a whole generation. For the spirit in which New York carries on, the magnitude of its achievement and the efficacy of its service, can profoundly influence the whole United States—can set a good example in a land where individual prosperity too frequently overlooks the need of others. More need not be said. The appeal of New York's beloved Cardinal, made in the name of Christ and on behalf of the unfortunate of Christ, will undoubtedly be heeded and answered.

A COMPARATIVELY new and promising kind of organization among college women is the Catholic Collegiate Association, of Cleveland, Ohio. Organized some years ago "to promote friendly intercourse among Catholic college women, and, by coöperation with other organizations wherever possible, to further the cause of religion and social service," the Association has gathered together some two hundred members. Everyone who joins must be a college woman and a daughter of the Church, but all kinds and types of alma mater are recognized. The usual features of the women's club—lectures, entertainments, programs—are cherished. Very notable, however, is the practical purpose to which these Cleveland women have dedicated themselves, acting on the recommendations of Bishop Schrembs. They have been, and are, devoting themselves to the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Making Sunday afternoons pleasant and instructive for these delinquent and orphan children; providing recreation and social events at the convent; rendering it possible for selected groups of these girls to profit by camp life, by introduction to various family circles and by visits to museums and concerts—these are some of the activities. More important, however, is the circumstance that the Association has shouldered the difficult burden of providing a qualified intermediary between the Sisters and the civic institutions on the one hand, and between the girls and life in the world, as employees, on the other. This has helped to accomplish the ideal which the Convent of the Good Shepherd set for itself long ago. Incidentally it has tended to dissipate suspicion of the Sisters among groups outside the Church. All in all the Association is doing excellent work, that needs to be known and emulated more and more widely.

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THE LAST CHAPTER

IN EVERY biography, even those slick and flippant affairs so common today where history is made, so to speak, dance to the new syncopated measure, there is always one last chapter where an unaccustomed sobriety descends upon temper and phraseology. Facts and incidents, overpast till now, turn to portents and suddenly acquire a new and spectral quality. A pathetic significance, hard to define but which everyone recognizes, invests the last talk, the last letters, the last appearance in public, of the man on whom the universal sentence has gone forth, yet who, for a few numbered hours, is permitted to make the gestures of the living. The sands of life trickle feebly and their grains may be numbered. The fabric of the earthly vesture is wearing thin, and its warp and woof appear.

The story that is being chanted and muttered all over the universal Church while these words are passing into print is the last chapter in the biography of the Man-God. Doctors have expounded it, mystics have used it to feed their imaginations, aflame with love and sorrow, without robbing its stark outlines of one jot of suggestive power. It stands apart from the body of the New Testament, not only because it is the crown and crisis, but by the very manner of its telling. The gospels of the synoptics and of John are a record of three years' ministry, arranged often with an apparent disregard for chronological order which racks the pious wits of exegists who would present a consecutive document. The Passion, on the contrary, is packed with incident, even with trivial incident, that permits every step and stumble of the Via Crucis to be followed, every hour to be accounted for. No enlightened person, reading it, can doubt that, with all four evangelists, it is the product of a host of witnesses of the event, each one of whom contributed his mite of evidence, and, in so far as memory permitted, strove to "reconstitute" the tragic scene. Sceptics are forced to admit that it is a singularly ingenuous recital to stand as the corner-stone of a world faith. Only an infinitesimal part seems written with any intention to prove that the Man Who suffered was God. On the other hand His depression, the trouble which invaded His heart as the supreme ordeal drew nigh, the dereliction whose amazing utterance was the cry from the Cross to the forsaking Father, are given us with a frankness that has extorted admiration from those readiest to discover flaws in the credibility of the narrative.

No believer even can read the four Passions without realizing that here he stands face to face with the supreme mystery of the Incarnation. How is he to reconcile the agony, the heaviness of spirit, the complaints of Him Who never complained till now, the "great cry" that accompanied the rending of soul from body, with a full consciousness of two eternities of bliss, behind and before—with the sure knowledge that embattled heaven waited on the Conqueror Who, in a few hours, would pass to his eternal home, trailing the bloody garments of His victory over death and sin? Martyrs have gone to their reward through torments as acute, smiling in the face of their torturers. The first Martyr went to His own place with infinite sadness. Throughout His Passion He spoke only twice of His Godhead—once to confound the frivolous and worldly Roman pro-consul, once again to comfort the poor thief, moaning and remorseful at His side. "This day thou shalt be with Me...." For the rest, even as He turned aside from the opiate draught of wine and myrrh, so He seems to have turned aside from the comfort His own Divinity might have been to Him.

There are times when, to a heart rent with the pathos of the Passion, commentary, however orthodox and pious, seems to be not enough, and meditation supplies its place. Was an amnesia of His Divinity in eternity, we ask ourselves, one of the harsh conditions of His humanity in time? Was He willing to hold His own knowledge of it by some stupendous act of faith, impossible for man to conceive, far less imitate, and which has rendered belief really an easier matter for us who come after Him, than for Him, the Master? Was the life He surrendered for our sakes the only conscious life He would consent, for our sakes no less, to own? Did He go, in no metaphorical sense, "into the dark" for us? And was the final temptation in the Garden, that drew blood through the pores of His flesh, the diabolical whisper of the Power of Darkness: "You have deceived those You loved best—You have deceived Yourself!"

Human to the last human infirmity, it is as Man that He pierces and disturbs our hearts this Passion Week. An inexhaustible well of sorrow, as fresh as on the day the distracted disciples gathered together in "an upper room," feels the afflatus, swells, uplifts and overflows from the heart of Christendom each time the story of His human end is told. Saints meditating it have felt the gash of nails and spear open in their own hands, feet and breast. Sinners, year by year, have crept to the representation of His gallows with tears trickling down their own cheeks as for some fresh and personal bereavement. Only the pharisee and the worldling stand aside, as they will always stand, unmoved. This is our hour—not theirs. In the Church's appeal to "Come and mourn with me awhile" all the bitterness reëchoes that filled the Saviour's heart that night the vertigo of the tomb drove Him to seek the solace of loved faces not yet darkened by its shadow. It must not find us sleeping, even "from sorrow." If He is with us all days even to the consummation of time, He is never nearer than on the day, returning with the seasons, and like the seasons eternally renewed, when we go back to our homes, with the hard and honest soldier who was on duty at the foot of His cross, striking our breast and telling ourselves that the world has crucified its God.

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MR. HOLLIS AND AMERICA

THERE are now so many extant treatises on the "American idea" that one would hardly pause to consider still another, were it not for the highly volatile essence which Mr. Christopher Hollis has bottled up in his American Heresy. This engaging book, by an Englishman who has obviously walked reverently in the Chestertonian shadows, makes the point that the United States of today is a country in which formative ideals have led to disastrous conclusions because the premises were inadequate and the method of deduction wrong. The founders set up the rules of liberty and equality. Today, however, equality is derided by a wealth grown tyrannical, selfish, obedient to no law. Liberty, our author says, has developed in the United States to a point where "whatever eccentricities the law has forgotten to prohibit are prohibited by a public opinion even more tyrannous than the law."

And the reasons? First of all, the founders were dependent upon eighteenth-century liberalism. This in turn presented the curious spectacle of unorthodox philosophers, most of them frank deists, propounding freedom and equality—"reasonable deductions from the metaphysics of the Christian religion"—to a world in which Christians themselves, grown worldly and eminently middle-class, refused to accept those deductions. The platform upon which Jefferson stood was, therefore, something like a board suspended in mid-air by weird magnetic forces. Christianity had taught the world to recognize the freedom and dignity of the individual soul. But now Christianity itself had grown dim in the hearts of men and only its products were plainly visible. When a newer and more chaotically commercial time proceeded to attack these ideals, it succeeded easily because they were without the bulwark of religious convictions. The America of the present is thus a nation which is gradually banishing its fundamental principles not merely from within its borders but, owing to its increasing economic prestige, from the world at large.

Now we believe it manifestly unfair to label this process an "American" heresy. Unless all signs are misleading, it is pretty much a universal situation, the only difference being that liberty and equality were more firmly enunciated and more discreetly dealt with in the United States than elsewhere. But the reason for the decline of liberty in this country is relatively individual; and precisely this individuality, it seems to us, is overlooked by Mr. Hollis. The abandonment of distributivism in the realm of property, for example, has been far less marked here than elsewhere. Indeed one can be relatively paradoxical and say that we are veering toward the "autocracy of wealth" simply because we are distributivists in practice. The fact that so many Americans own land or capital, that they can legitimately dream of increasing their possessions, is about the best explanation one can find for their admiration of financial and commercial success. A book-keeper who looks forward to becoming a partner in the firm may be a hopelessly misguided dreamer, but his delusion has its origin in the truth that many book-keepers do become partners. Europeans, on the other hand, have long since abandoned this hope, wherefore the "submerged millions" are in possession of their own economic ideology. They talk of liberty in terms of the hungry crowd. We speak of it as "opportunity" beckoning all. Our hope, our mirage it may be, is therefore fundamentally distributivist in origin. We want nobody to interfere with conditions which have enabled some men to become powerful because we expect to become powerful ourselves. And any well-informed observer would notice, we believe, that the fairly generous attitude of contemporary American industry toward the worker is an outcome of a genuine American conviction that there should be something like a "chance" for all.

Mr. Hollis makes a somewhat more important point. Christianity is the only view of life which provides a lasting guarantee for the rights of the individual soul. This is so obvious a truth to all readers of history and speculation that we need not stress it here. It may well seem, however, that many contemporary Christians are fearful of emphasizing this conviction at the expense of what seems to be social utility. The problem of population, of increasing numbers dependent for their livelihood upon the proper functioning of economic processes, often terrifies and intimidates those whose belief it must be that there exist inalienable personality rights. One does feel, however, that no impartial student can deny the real evidence for the continuing readiness of American Christianity to defend the individual. Against economic aggression and for justice both the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ have spoken and acted with considerable success.

We are convinced that the strictures of critics like Mr. Hollis fail to take into consideration aspects of American life which reveal themselves clearly to a native observer. The explanation is, perhaps, to be sought in the phenomenon of Uncle Sam abroad. Tourists give the impression of being ruthless and plutocratic pleasure-seekers. Commercial travelers appear to be canny proponents of the gospel that "money talks." Our economic prestige arouses resentment. But why, one wonders, are people so prone to forget the vast amount of genuine charity which citizens of the new world have expended in succoring the children of the old world? Why is the virtue of patient research so out of vogue among those very people who, like Mr. Hollis, have a good deal of reason for appreciating the very real benefits which the American concept of freedom has conferred upon the apostle of religion, especially of the Catholic religion?

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EUROPE LOOKS AT AMERICA

By FRIEDRICH VON MINKUS

PLEASE open your atlas at the map of Europe, dear American reader; take a good-sized ruler and draw two lines: one from Iceland to Crete, the other from Lisbon to Swjerinogolowskaja, which—according to my atlas at least—lies at the extreme easterly point of European Russia, and with its eighteen letters stretches far into Asia. Where the two lines cut each other—there sits the "average European."

There stands his house, built by his great-great-great-grandfather, who, as the family chronicles show, must have been just about the same as he is himself: a bit of an official, a bit of a farmer, a bit of a scholar and a very good bit of a somewhat humdrum Bohemian. The house is a stately burgher-house, full of old, inherited household implements, on each of which hang a hundred pleasant and carefully preserved memories. The rococo twists and twirls of the molded ceiling show here and there Gothic corners—for in a short 300 years a new style of architecture does not take a firm hold of the average European craftsman. But they built solidly in those days—who does not know from Richard Wagner's Meistersinger the pride the honorable gilds took in the thoroughness of their work?—or else the house would have become dilapidated long ago, for the "average European"—particularly since the war—has no money for repairs, and wine is sinfully dear now.

It was all he could do to have water laid on in the former smoking-chamber where the pork and hams were smoked, so as not to be obliged to cross the icy courtyard in winter to fetch water from the pump; unfortunately it has not been much of a success, for the iron pipes soon burst and the cement cracked; the average European plumbers are not yet quite masters of such modern undertakings.

In this house, then, lives our "average European," day in, day out, year in, year out; for he cannot afford to travel as formerly—to Italy (that was the correct thing) to Paris, with a cheap tour to the North Cape, to London, or even to Greece and Spain; and besides, at fifty-five one gets a little lazy. Sport, which is supposed to keep the body supple, one leaves to boys and elderly Englishmen with a spleen!

Nevertheless, the "average European," who once wore his grey moustache after the pointed fashion of Kaiser Wilhelm, now wears it cut short after the manner of Englishmen (no "average European" of his time who thinks anything of himself is clean-shaven; he leaves that to waiters and comedians); and his tailor has padded the shoulders of his shooting jacket, with its stag-horn buttons, after an American fashion-plate.

On this bright and sunny winter morning, our "average European" went, as was his custom after breakfast, to his study. He walked with a springy, somewhat military step, his elbows pressed smartly to his sides, as the old Emperor Francis Joseph, the last "grand seigneur," used to walk. He seated himself in the big grandfather chair and gave himself up to his favorite "work," his "sport," aimless philosophizing, while the smoke-rings from his cigarette floated peacefully away.

The mechanism of this reasoning, inherited in the home of his ancestors, oiled at the grammar-school and university, running on endless rails of historical evolution and logical association, had a number of component parts. We might say that one driving-belt of the machine went over the guide-pulley of mediaeval, scholarly monks back to the antique philosophers; some of its wheels turn on the axle of the humanism of the renaissance, and on the German classicism of the eighteenth century. A very important balance-wheel was Goethe's Faust; the "average European" always had to smile when he thought, in connection with this revered name, of the French Faust, which was nothing but a sentimental woman's affair, or of Irving's star rôle in Goethe's Faust by J. Brown, which he saw once in London at His Majesty's—his Faust as the setting for the mephistophelian antics of a stage virtuoso!

A strong pair of bellows had blown a slightly decadent spirit into this thinking machine—a taste for public wit and prickly paradoxes, a preference for fine diction and discreet shades of meaning—from the atmosphere of old, traditional and refined Gallic culture (not even interrupted by the great Revolution) which he had learned in his childhood from French bonnes and governesses, and in his youth and as a young man from Parisian boulevard novels. At the same age, the generation following had breathed in the less complicated atmosphere of Albion; first through English nurses, then from croquet and tennis, later from English fashions and race horses, and lastly from Chippendale furniture, Elinor Glyn's novels and magazine reading.

The motor of his thinking, however, though perhaps it would be better to say the immovable and firm basis in which the perpetuum mobile of his thinking machine was anchored, often unknown to himself, was and would always be the Catholicism of his view of the world.

Today this thinking machine was abruptly stopped by the maid, who brought in a letter: on the stamps the heads of Lincoln and Monroe, so it must be the answer to an important request which he had written to his cousin, shortly before his departure for New York where he was staying for a few weeks on business. Because of its importance—I say advisedly "be-

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cause of" and not "in spite of," for we are speaking of the "average European"—he left the letter unopened before him on the table, weighing the chances for and against as one does in a game of hazard . . . . And suddenly the machine began to work, set in motion by the association of ideas, and his brain opened its note-book at the page marked "America." What did he know about America?

First on the list, as it is in the article on America in Mayer's lexicon, came geography: the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi, Lake Michigan, Niagara Falls, Florida, and of course Cuba now, too!—California (gold and apples); New York (statue of liberty, skyscrapers, Broadway); Chicago, Washington (the White House and democratic hand-shakes); San Francisco (earthquakes); there was not much more. Then the fauna: bears in the Yellowstone Park, mungos. Flora: cotton. Climate: water from the fire-engines frozen to icicles on burnt-down stores (see illustrated papers); roof gardens, people dying of the heat in New York. Population: The Last of the Mohicans, wild west (see movie programs); "the uncle from America" (every "average European" has such an uncle, but in the rarest cases a wealthy one); nigger-dances, Knights of Columbus, Chinese quarter in 'Frisco, the Two Hundred Club; a dialogue out of a comedy of his childhood: "Where do all the defrauders escape to?" "To America!" "And where do they all come from?" "From Europe!" Language: can't—cain't. History: Columbus, Washington, Monroe—the Monroe Doctrine, "America for the Americans" (and now we say the same: "The Tyrol for the Tyrolese" or, we might say too, "Klein-Reifling for the Klein-Reiflingians"); Lincoln (abolition of slavery); Grant (Ku Klux Klan); McKinley Bill, submarine war; Wilson, the professor of the fourteen points, who redivided Europe, and, as they say here, confused Austria with Australia. Industries, technics, traffic: the land of limitless possibilities! Railway lines that would stretch a few times round the earth; speed records to make the planets blush as they rush through space; motor cars, everlasting motor cars; time is money! steel-kings, coal-kings, sausage-kings; banks—the empire of the world; movies, the Taylor system. Enormous armies of individual beings with the divine spark in their breasts—the tiniest wheels in a machine! Factories, factories, factories; money, money, money! Here ten Rembrandts for so-and-so many tons of tinned meat; there the family jewels of a bankrupt duke for a check for so many dollars. "How much does the best singer get? We pay ten times as much!" Millions of the same coats, the same shirts, the same shoes for millions of the same people. Leveling of the whole world.

And like a gigantic steam-roller he saw Americanism rolling over Europe, leveling and crushing out all the fine cherished details of thousand-year-old culture, sweeping away the charms of individuality, the beloved variety of nature, even God Himself, under the weight of its industrialism, commercialism, materialism, plutocratism, uniformism and giganticism. "The children of Europe" across the water—strangers, nothing but strangers! Conquerors of the mother-continent.

Sadly the "average European" lowered his eyes from the smoke rings which he had been absently following, and noticed the unopened letter on the table. Then at last he opened it.

> Dear Cousin, I regret to be unable to advance the sum you require for the repairs in your wash-house. Nothing has come of the big transactions I had hoped for here, and traveling expenses come awfully heavy. I have met here among others a Russian author who earns a fine bit of money by contributions on Europe to American papers; you write no worse than he does; see if you can't form some such connection . . . .

That was the last note that the "average European" made for the present in the note-book of his brain under the heading "America." Then he closed it and opened another, the book of his feelings, in which, from his childhood, he had entered all the beautiful things he had come across, particularly by hill and dale and in field and wood. And so he wandered now with leisurely step, as he had done on many a week-day (on Sundays there were too many noisy ski-ers) toward the little hospice up on the hill at the back of the town, to enjoy a day of contemplation and a dreamy evening. Very early in the morning, by the eternal light that God Himself kindles when He makes the sun rise in purple splendor above the rocks, he had heard holy Mass read by the old retired priest, up there in the silent chapel.

And as he walked along through the wonder of the snow-bound woods above him, where the tree-tops left a space, the turquoise blue sky, with the gay chirping and fluttering of birds all around him, past the shimmering stalactites of the frozen waterfall, he spied a slender doe, with raised foot, looking at him with its beautiful big eyes. In the wood, where the warm and living breath of the trees had melted the snow, there were cushions of emerald green, velvety moss and here and there pure white snow-roses had pushed their heads through the snow. Then at last he emerged into the open space below the hospice where the distant view suddenly sprang into sight, over the dear, old town at his feet, along the broad valley with its many villages with faintly colored roofs and church steeples, over the mountain-chains at either side to the ten, twenty, innumerable mountain ranges beyond. There he stood still in the sunshine that made a myriad diamonds sparkle all around and his heart expanded to take in all this splendor and the multiplicity of proofs of God's creation, from the secrets of the snow crystal to the cell-structure of a giant pine tree, from the atom to the heavenly body, and in the uniformity of the laws of nature, which they follow, bearing the stamp of a personal God.

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Then he heard voices from behind the bushes; they must be week-day guests from the hospice for once in a way. Annoyed at the interruption of his hoped-for solitude, he was just going to turn back when he heard some English words and stood still to listen. In the calm, clear air he understood all they said. Two or three fresh, young voices were talking, evidently about a snow-flake that one of them had on his hand. They spoke of the circular course of water, of the eternal, elementary sameness of matter, of the uniformity of the creative idea and of the power of those proofs of God, which must force even free-thinking scientists to their knees, if they be not infatuated, and which every work of nature bears, from the smallest to the greatest.

At this point the "average European" emerged from the bushes and three, nice fair boys in dark ski costumes smiled at him in the friendliest way; they were young American clerical students who were studying theology at the priests' seminary in the neighboring university town. Together they walked to the hospice, and they spent the long evening together in cheerful conversation. They spoke about the sameness of their view of the world, about great philosophical problems and about everyday trifles; and they talked about the little town down below, too. The three lads told him they had seen the neediness of the children in the orphanage as they had gone past, and the Sisters of Mercy had told them how difficult it was to collect the money for even that neediness. The "average European" knew all about it; he spared what he could out of his modest income to help wherever it was needed, but it was only a drop in the ocean. The war, the disastrous war—thousands and hundreds of thousands of orphans and widows and people in distress—he wrote his fingers sore with petitions to the authorities and begging letters to private people. The three young men pointed to three picture post cards that they had written home to New York, Boston and Philadelphia; their friends must collect for the poor children down there.

Next morning at Mass the four knelt together at the altar rails and received the Sacrament, the same Body of the Lord.

And on the descent when their ways separated, the three young men said good-bye to the "average European" with hearty, boyish laughter and a warm shake of the hand to seal their young friendship for all time. And he stood still and watched them in the youthful eagerness of their storming onward and with fatherly interest listened, smiling, to their cheery, youthful voices dying away in the distance, which in days to come would preach the salvation of the world to their brethren across the water. Then, in imagination, he picked up the ruler which you used a little time ago, dear American reader, to find him on the map, drew with his Baltimore fountain pen—in imagination, you understand—two thick strokes across the whole paper nonsense that was written under the heading "America" in the note-book of his brain, and wrote with his whole heart, in big letters, right across the page: One Shepherd and One Flock!

FACTS IN THE MEXICAN CASE

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

A YEAR ago this time we said that the drift of events in Mexico was ominous. We asserted that a reign of anti-constitutionalism would end in chaos. Then we added that "perhaps the Calles government, brought face to face with a realization that its policies cannot be made effective in practice, will finally give way to a sensible abrogation of accumulated injustices." No substantial change in this analysis is needed now. Mexico has crept nearer to the edge of complete ruin. In the belief that something might be done in the eleventh hour to avert disaster, the United States dispatched Mr. Dwight Morrow to Mexico City, with instructions to formulate and urge a program of financial and social rehabilitation. Did he arrive too late? Is the peaceful redemption of Mexico still possible?

Only the facts in the case can tell. The truth will not, we are sure, be ignored by Mr. Morrow, though we are not so sure about many of his fellow-citizens. But in so far as these last are concerned, a great and radical unwillingness to reckon with actualities south of the Rio Grande is one of the striking phenomena of the hour. Such unwillingness is first of all indifference. During the past hundred years Latin America has grown and changed, but our knowledge of it has not increased. Nothing in which we were interested (apart from muddled rumors of business transactions and of Panama Canal exploits) was happening there. To us the Mexican peon was ignorant and alien. His Church was once wealthy and inclined to favor the conservative side of the perennial political debate. His government was somersaulting, but its program called for education and uplift. Why bother? Above all, why endanger the peace of the United States by attempts to establish order and justice in realms which, it seemed only too probable, were being coveted secretly by "interests"?

In the second place, this unwillingness is ignorance. The Wilson of 1914 was hopelessly misinformed. His source of information, Mr. John Lind, was gullible and opaque. His own doctrine of "new freedom" was the quixotic force that attacked a new kind of windmill in Huerta. Down came the perilously situated national house Diaz had labored so long to build.

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Armies marched to and fro—ragged, disreputable armies, headed by hurrahing revolutionists like Carranza and by mere villains like Zapata. Meanwhile certain casualty lists had thoroughly sickened United States citizens with the whole business. The new Mexican constitution was not satisfactory; it outraged the State Department's sense of justice, but it was assented to, nevertheless. Everybody was tired of Mexico. And we were crusading for the new freedom and democracy elsewhere.

Suddenly the constitution was dug up again. Down came the fist of Calles upon the Catholic Church. The blow was rude. In complete accordance with the law, the number of clergy was cut down, the padres were ordered to marry, schools, seminaries, hospitals, were closed. Ultimately there followed the proclamation of an ecclesiastical interdict, the exile of the clergy, military arrests in number, the extirpation of rival presidential candidates, and finally the open murder of Father Pro Juarez and his companions. Nothing in this that could be termed a violation of the law. But perhaps the law was hopelessly wrong? Perhaps those enforcing it were just a little tyrannical? Such questions were asked occasionally here in the United States. But a great many persons presumed to feel that the law ought to be obeyed. Yes, spiritual descendants of Hampden and the burghers of Holland, of the American revolutionists, of Emerson and Thoreau, declared that in Mexico the law must be obeyed! Of course there have been others. Neat, liberalistic men and women still snuffing the perfume of the "new freedom." "Ultimately," said the New Republic a year ago, "what the Calles government demands is an opportunity to educate the Mexican Indian." It has uttered nothing since. Meanwhile said Indian has been on the march toward education and a job—across the border. Nobody had told him that his country's population had dwindled to a point 2,500,000 below the level of 1914. But he seems to have figured, with relative good sense, that he himself could not prosper at home.

He figured, with more than relative good sense, I say, that safety lay in flight. Let us introduce to you Mr. G. Butler Sherwell, of Columbia University, whose forthcoming book on Mexican economics is destined to create an impression among all those who actually read books. Mr. Sherwell, who traces his descent from the Custis-Lee family, and whose grandfather was an officer in the Confederate army, knows Mexico by reason of sixteen years spent in studying that country. A year ago he was still face to face with the magnanimous generals who were seeking an "opportunity to educate the Indian." Today he is in the United States supplied with more incontrovertible data than all the bland commissions we have sent southward have been able to accumulate in years. Mr. Sherwell's specialty is facts. I shall borrow just a few from him now, reserving others for a later occasion.

First of all, some information regarding the Calles program of uplift. Begin with Mexican health statistics, which indicate that the death rate has averaged higher than forty per thousand during the past ten years. To a large extent this alarming ratio of mortality is due to undernourishment, which revolutionary conditions have aggravated. Careful estimates tell us that not fewer than 10,000 people starved to death in Mexico City alone during the four years after 1915. Every night doorsteps and recesses are matted with crowds of ragged people asleep in the cold, one body helping to warm the other. The use of alcohol in its most virulent forms—pulque and even vodka—is abetted by a system of distribution which, in Mexico City, provides sixty-three saloons for every 10,000 inhabitants. Add to all this the factors of unemployment, of general inability to do any other kind of work than the crudest physical toil, an illiteracy which is said to have reached a rate of 90 percent, and you have a social condition which—quite independently of all racial problems—veritably appals the onlooker. Here is a country without savings banks, which fosters improvidence through the officially organized use of lotteries, and in which the "elected" representatives of the people are actually appointees whose differences are not infrequently settled by the use of the revolver!

On January 4, 1927, Excelsior, the leading newspaper in Mexico, gave an editorial description of the 1926 session of the legislature and made the following comments:

> The Senate shows a beautiful balance: it has lost 10 percent of its members (killed) which is quite honorable for a fighting body. Saloon brawls, parliamentary disputes, acts of revenge by chieftains and enemies were responsible for these parliamentary disasters.

The executive power is without a curb or rival. The direction taken by that power is almost precisely the counterpart of the Russian Soviet direction—central power, support of the army and of governmentally organized labor syndicates, attitude toward religion, confiscation of agricultural lands. The C. R. O. M. wins a strike by declaring it. On November 24, 1924, an agreement was entered into between "Comrade Plutarco Elias Calles" and "Comrade Luis N. Morones" which stipulated that it was expedient "To dissolve gradually the national army," and "to replace it by battalions of labor syndicates."

Far more convincing evidence of the communist drift is supplied by the deeds of the Ministry of Public Instruction, which is engaged in reforming the minds of school children. In January of last year—just a few months before soldiers had forced their way into Catholic orphanages and actually driven the little ones out into the cold to starve—there was issued a decree relative to the books to be used in Mexico's grammar schools. Prominent among these is Lecturas Populares, a fairly well-printed and illustrated volume, a copy of which is before me as I write. Esperanza Velasquez Bringas, prominent official in the Ministry, is the editor

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of these selections, which include shorter compositions by such writers as Anatole France, Tolstoy, Andreyev and Romain Rolland. So far, so good. The second part of the volume is entitled The Revolutionary Ideology, and opens with an address in which President Calles declares that farmers have a hard time of it and that "education is the foundation of future society." These things, one may say in passing, seemed to have been held firmly as convictions by whole generations of Christian Catholic teachers. There follow remarks by Eugene V. Debs, an exposition of socialism by Mr. Wells (praised by Anatole France for being "very clear") a pronouncement by Henri Barbusse, and a bit of prose poetry by Jean-Jacques himself. Ultimately the child mind is introduced to the country's heroes—Felipe Carillo Puerto (deceased communist leader) Karl Marx (in describing whom the author says that Aristotle, Kant and Marx are the three important figures of philosophic speculation) Lenin, Kropotkin, Luisa Michel and Rosa Luxemburg.

Even more striking is the Catecismo de las Doctrinas Socialistas, issued by the government printing office of Saltillo, Cohahuila, during 1926. This document, the title-page assures us, is "arranged in conformity with the catechism of Christian doctrine, as per the Jesuitical ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, which is necessary on account of the fanaticism of the present generation." The contents, it must be confessed, are revolting to the Christian mind. For the sake of presenting the evidence, however, the following parody of the Hail Mary may permissibly be reproduced:

> Hail Socialism! Thou art full of love, fraternity is with thee and thou art powerful among all the oppressed, and great therefore shall be the fruit of thy doctrinal womb. Holy Liberating Cause, mother of humanity, do not abandon us now nor at the hour of our social emancipation.

Grant to the proponents of communistic propaganda the right to circulate their ideas. But who can deny the legitimacy of the posters which flutter, thousands of them, from every public place in Mexico, warning against sending children to the government schools, demanding the right of training under religious auspices, protesting the scholastic policies of the government? Or who can deny the eloquent tribute to the "new liberation" that is involved in the departure from Mexico into the United States of fully 15 percent of the working population? Yes, if all religious considerations were ironed out of the picture altogether, the mere economic truth would necessarily cause any thinking—or even unthinking—Mexican citizen to draw back in alarm. Since the downfall of the Diaz government in 1911, the public debt has grown five times as great. It was of mammoth size even then—300,000,000 pesos.

When will the generous and just heart of the United States awaken? This situation in Mexico is not a fight between clergymen and generals, between reform and conservatism, between one political party and another. It is simply a mass of ugly accumulated facts, more terrible to contemplate than starvation in Austria or the ruin of Louvain. For one reason or another we have refused to look. Between us and the misery of Mexico there hangs a veil pieced together of many fragments—the $30,000 apiece paid by the evangelical churches for the converts it has made; the aftermath of Wilsonian diction; deep-rooted suspicion of the Catholic Church, conceived of as always trying to lay its hands on civil government; love of peace, which might possibly be endangered by too much attention to the Mexican scene; and, finally, fear of the "interests" with imperialistic tendencies. This and a great deal more—timidity, prejudice, blindness, indifference, ignorance! It must be swept aside, and very soon. The hour has come to see things as great Americans have always seen them—as Grant saw his enemies after Appomattox, as Whitlock and Hoover saw Belgium, as Allen saw the children of his beaten German foes. We have the duty to look at Mexico not with design, not with greedy hope, but with charity. For a people is dying in rags.

The Fourteen Stations

Roman and Jew to death sent Thee,
(Spirit of Christ, give heart to me!)

And on Thy shoulders laid the tree.
(Burden of Christ, press down on me!)

Too weak and worn, Thou fell, and she
(Bruises of Christ, put faith in me!)

Was forced to watch Thy agony.
(Mother of Christ, pray God for me!)

They made him help who came to see,
(Helper of Christ, give help to me!)

And one there was Thy eyes to free,
(Lover of Christ, seek love for me!)

But none to share Thy wounds with Thee,
(Bruises of Christ, keep hell from me!)

Save they who watched on bended knee,
(Mourners for Christ, praise God with me!)

As thrice Thou fell toward Calvary.
(Bruises of Christ, bring peace to me!)

Thy robes they rent in dreadful glee,
(Garments of Christ, hide sin from me!)

And nailed Thy hands in mockery,
(Torment of Christ, send pain to me!)

Until Thy soul from men did flee.
(Body of Christ, give strength to me!)

They laid Thee down on Mary's knee,
(Mother of Christ, give ear to me!)

And sealed Thy tomb in secrecy.
(Abode of Christ, make place for me!)

WILLIAM L. REENAN.

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CHRISTIAN PATRIARCHS IN ISLAM

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

THE speech from the throne made by King Fuad at the opening of the Egyptian parliament foreshadowed many vital changes in the "capitulations" under which the government of the country beside the Nile has been carried on, not only, as is the general impression, since the British occupation in 1882, but from the very foundation of Islam.

As early as possible this year, a conference of the capitulatory powers will be convened and a proposal made to extend the function of the mixed court to criminal as well as civil cases. The change has already received the approval, in principle at least, of the leading powers of Europe.

Although the repercussions the new order of things may have upon the religious system in the old empire of the Pharaohs are not mentioned in the text of the royal speech, it is generally believed they will be many and far-reaching. For the internal government of Egypt, which really amounts to a series of water-tight compartments, has been, and still is, based upon religious distinctions and upon the responsibility of the Patriarchs or other religious heads who govern the many branches of the Christian and Jewish churches for the civic conduct as well as the spiritual government of their flocks.

The other day my fancy wandered toward "Patriarch." Here is what I found in my Concise Oxford Dictionary:

> Patriarch: father and ruler of family or tribe; (in early and eastern Churches) bishop, especially of Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople or Rome; (in Roman Catholic Church) bishop ranking next above primates and metropolitans; founder of an order, science, etc; venerable old man; the oldest living representative of a class, etc.

I dare say that this definition is correct as far as it goes. But living in the near East, as I do, I feel that there is something more attached to the conception of Patriarch than what is conveyed by the language quoted. I shall not here delve into matters ecclesiastical. I am not competent so to do. I shall merely speak of Patriarchs as part and parcel of that civilization which takes its dominant note from Islam, beginning with the seventh century of our era.

I do not think that Mohammed himself had anything to do with the question that I am about to discuss. He had other worries of his own. He had, first of all, to fight to get his church started. Once his seed had taken root he, as a prudent statesman, sought to consolidate his power. He recognized, if I may be permitted to speak in terms of American politics, that he had to have a safe constituency, a secure assembly district back of him before he could think of spreading his wings. He therefore concentrated his attention upon welding the tribes of Arabia into a compact, cohesive and combative unit. His successor, Abu Bekr, the first caliph, followed the example thus given. But when Omar ibn il Khattab—the Brigham Young of Islam—became the head of the Moslem state, he felt that the hour for expansion had sounded. He therefore unleashed his warriors upon the effete forces of the eastern empire. But he, like the Mormon of the West, was a statesman of discerning mind. When Jerusalem fell, instead of offering the Christians and Jews of the conquered city the alternative of death or conversion, the Moslem issued a ukase which breathed a spirit of broad humanitarianism.

I think that I should cite part of this firman. I know that many writers say that it is apocryphal. It, however, marks the spirit that characterized the polity of the caliph. As such, one clause is of special interest:

> This is the firman of Omar ibn il Khattab. It constitutes a treaty with and a token of alliance in favor of the honorable and respectable Patriarch Sophronius, Patriarch of the Melchite nation and residing at Tor il Zeitoun in the Holy City of Jerusalem. It accords protection to his subjects, priests, monks and nuns wherever they may be. No harm will come to them as long as the Christian leader, who is granted our protection, respects the covenants in virtue of which our safeguard has been given.

And then follow clauses which grant Christians the right to worship at their own altars and to preserve their churches.

The kernel of this edict, to my mind, resides in those words in which Omar speaks of the Christians constituting a nation whose sovereign is the Patriarch. The recognition goes further than rendering unto God the things that are God's and unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, for it accepts the Patriarch not only as the spiritual but also as the temporal shepherd of his flock. It gave Sophronius greater power than he had enjoyed under the conquered Christian rulers.

These tactics had method in their madness. They simplified the task which Omar had marked out for himself. Jerusalem was not his objective. Fired by the spirit of the sword-wielding missionary he was determined to push his conquests far and wide. To be able to do so he required (1) a well-equipped army (2) safe lines of communication and (3) no budgetary worries. His fighting force he had well in hand. He was a most competent warrior. It would, however, have seriously interfered with his plans had the conquered Christians within his lines shown any signs of restlessness. Such tendencies would have immobilized large detachments of troops. As it was, the loyalty of the Nazarenes was assured by the fact that their Patriarch was made responsible for their behavior. They

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were not called upon to enlist under the Moslem banner. But their immunity from the draft was offset by the duty imposed upon them to finance the Mohammedan armies.

I shall not enumerate the transcendant power in matters temporal enjoyed in those times by the Patriarch. I shall, however, jump from the seventh century of our era to the sixteenth and then pass rapidly to the twentieth. It will be recalled that when Mohammed the conquerer thundered at the gates of Constantinople that city was filled with cries of "Better the turban of Mohammed than the hat of a cardinal!" One of the men who led in this campaign of hate was a monk named Gennadius. But while the Orthodox Greeks were thus able to get together in attacking Rome they could not agree among themselves as to who should fill their then vacant patriarchal throne. This did not suit the polity of the victor. His requirements called for the exercise of a strict control over the Orthodox nation which, to his mind, had supplanted the Greek.

Mohammed, therefore, at once sent for the various high dignitaries of what is often called the Schismatic Confession and called upon them to end the deadlock. "I give you until tomorrow noon to elect your man," he declared. "If you fail to act within this delay I shall have all of you summarily put to death." It goes without saying that these prelates no longer procrastinated. Their choice fell upon Gennadius, the anti-Catholic agitator. As soon as the sultan was apprised that a decision had been made, he invited the Patriarch and all of the leading ecclesiastics of Constantinople to a sumptuous repast. It was a "dry" banquet, for Islam has been parched since 640 A. D. When all had imbibed freely of the Moslem grape juice the sultan told one of the men, in an audible whisper, to "bring forth the sword." When Gennadius heard this he turned pale but was too frightened to move. But instead of severing the Patriarch's head from his body the conquerer said: "I confer this sword upon you. It witnesses that I confirm all of your traditional privileges."

And just as Sophronius had perceived that he was more powerful under Omar than he had been under Christian rulers, so also did Gennadius find his jurisdictions greatly enhanced by the defeat of his emperor. He became a bishop with temporal powers whereas his predecessors had merely been spiritual leaders.

I shall not set forth what attributes were enjoyed by the Patriarch as head of the Greek Church or, more accurately speaking, as ruler of the Greek nation. I prefer to bring this feature of my narrative down to the present year and to transfer the scene from Constantinople to Cairo. Egypt, at the present moment, recognizes fourteen distinct non-Mohammedan Egyptian nations inhabiting her soil, each with its own judicial machinery and at its head a temporal ruler. They are the Patriarchates of (1) the Orthodox Copts (2) the Catholic Copts (3) the Orthodox Greeks (4) the Catholic Greeks (5) the Maronites (6) the Orthodox Armenians (7) the Catholic Armenians (8) the Catholic Chaldeans (9) the Orthodox Syrians and (10) the Catholic Syrians. There are likewise three rabbinates known as (1) the Sephardim (2) the Caraite and (3) the Achkenazi. And besides there is a Wakilate which takes charge of the different Protestant denominations. It is well, however, to bear in mind that all of these theocratic states have no voice in the temporal affairs of Europeans and Americans resident in Egypt. Catholics, for example, from England or France revere the Patriarch of their Church as their bishop. They yield obedience to his spiritual authority but are not expected—nor permitted by him or by their governments—to recognize him as their temporal sovereign.

If in the old days the mitred despots of the Levant were autocrats exercising an absolute sway over their nationals, the march of constitutionalism caught these potentates in its wake. This is another way of saying that the temporal powers vested in the various Patriarchs have largely become secularized. This change, however, in no sense alters the crucial fact that the resident head of each church is still the sovereign in whose name the affairs of each congregation or nation are administered. Patriarchs now no longer say what general taxes their communicants shall pay. Christians pay the same imposts as Mohammedans and are no longer exempt from military service. But in all matters of personal status the Patriarch is still supreme. This means that not only does he keep the record of the birth, marriage, death and divorce of his nationals but that if two members of his flock want to marry one another, no other authority than himself or his priests can validly make them man and wife. If they become unhappy and a divorce is sought, it is the patriarchal court that hears them and pronounces judgment.

It may be argued that, as baptism and matrimony are sacraments, and that as burial is associated with prayer, there is nothing striking in this intervention of the Church. It may even be urged that it is but logical that divorce should be refused or granted as the bishop may decide. But it is what happens after death that marks the Patriarch's judicial power. He regulates how the estate of a deceased subject shall be divided, how it shall be administered, what wills and testaments are valid, who shall be the guardian of minors, how the property of minors shall be managed and accounted for, at what age minority shall end, when and how minors may be emancipated, who may be interdicted, for what causes interdiction may be granted and how the estates of interdicts shall be administered, etc., etc. And what is more, the Patriarch fixes his own judicial fees. Some Patriarchs of certain sects are said to have grown rich on this perquisite. It, therefore, strikes me that my cherished Concise Oxford Dictionary could well have said something which would at least have given a hint of all of this. It gave details of far lesser importance. But after all, we of the Occident are so blatantly ignorant of the Orient that I should not ask too much of a lexicon, when I insist upon giving my heart to an abridged one.

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AQUINAS RETURNS

By JAMES H. RYAN

STUDENTS of contemporary thought have often expressed surprise at what they call the tenaciousness of old ideas. Discarded in one guise, such ideas bob up to plague us in another. The periodic recurrence of ideas which are at bottom Hellenic, whose first expression must be sought in such thinkers as Heraclitus, Plato, Zeno or Aristotle, is a commonplace of knowledge. Mediaeval ideas, however, are not so readily and generally recognized for the simple reason that the ideals and processes of mediaeval civilization are a closed book to many, even to those who rightly lay claims to wide culture. This condition is slowly giving way to a more enlightened and sympathetic attitude, due in large part to the popularization of the results of historical research in the mediaeval field which has been carried on with surprising diligence and great success during the past quarter of a century. As everyone knows, the field of exact knowledge of mediaeval thought has been tremendously widened, to such an extent that the old prejudices have broken down completely and in their place there has come a state of understanding and, in some cases, outright admiration for what the thinkers of the middle-ages were about and what they tried to accomplish.

It is quite premature, in my opinion at least, to predict for the near future anything like a return to mediaeval thought, as it is a manifest exaggeration to claim that modern philosophy is being influenced extensively or profoundly by our newly discovered knowledge of things mediaeval. On the other hand, there is no justification for minimizing the value for contemporary scholarship of this newborn appreciation of the past. Influence comes after knowledge and understanding. In regard to the middle-ages, we are at last in possession of real knowledge concerning them, just as we have known for a long time what the ancient Greeks stood for. We can, therefore, hope to see the influence of the middle-ages grow more and more, to say nothing of being able to detect in our own civilization the elements which it has carried over from that not too distant past.

The core of mediaeval civilization is to be found in the philosophy which it professed. Of this philosophy and its relations to modern thought very little is known outside the circle of a few specialists. Students all over the world, however, are working feverishly, digging out of libraries the knowledge which will make mediaeval philosophy known to us for what it was, a vast, systematic product of the human mind working at the highest level on problems which have always deeply stirred thought. And the results of these researches are beginning to tell in places most unexpected and on persons whom we would scarcely suspect of having been influenced in this manner.

On the other hand, a large and growing body of thinkers is attempting to interpret mediaeval philosophy for the modern mind in terms consonant with present-day needs and demands. The results achieved in this second field have been no less noteworthy than those which have flowed from pure historical research. For one thing, I think it can be said without fear of exaggeration that the utter disregard and contempt for scholasticism, which was so marked a characteristic of late nineteenth-century philosophy, is now a thing of the buried past. Scholasticism, either in its ancient or in its new dress, is being received warmly in an ever-widening ambient, with this result at least, that no thinker of standing today would dream of shutting out arbitrarily the scholastic synthesis from its place among the great contemporary systems of thought.

One of the most valuable products of this renaissance of interest in mediaeval philosophy is the complete overturning of the persistent dogma that modern philosophy represents an absolute break with the past and that its roots are to be sought rather in Greek than in mediaeval thought. No informed philosopher of the present day looks upon Descartes as the father, in an exclusive sense, of modern philosophy, as no historian can fail to appreciate the tremendous debt which Locke, Berkeley, Kant, and even Hegel, owed to the middle-ages. To begin the story of modern philosophy with Descartes, as all the text-books do, or to leave out mediaeval philosophy altogether, as some do, is to close one's eyes to the true origin of our best thinking.

Professor Longwell has seen this and recently stated that "the middle-ages are the beginning of our modern era, and very literally so." (Mediaeval and Modern Philosophy, the Philosophical Review, xxxvii.) There existed in reality no chasm which separated mediaeval from modern philosophy. The break with the past is a mere invention of the philosophers of the renaissance who, for their own purposes, disowned their relationship with and their debt to the past. Moreover, unless we are willing to possess and maintain the idea of the continuity of philosophic progress, the history of philosophy itself becomes a meaningless thing. We must "see our brothers of the middle-ages and the renaissance for what they really are: bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and of the selfsame blood which we feel coursing so restlessly through our own veins." This much, therefore, is definitely achieved, and it is no small gain when we think back over the insignificant place formerly accorded mediaeval philosophy in the history of the construction of modern systems.

An advance has been made in another direction. After a century of positivism there were few thinkers who had any patience with so-called metaphysics. Metaphysics was one of the "beasts" (the word was

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used by Professor James) which modern philosophy had killed. Today the beast is not only alive but in full possession of all its powers. Metaphysics has regained the position from which it was displaced so rudely by the materialism of the nineteenth century. The best proof of the fact lies in the great number of purely metaphysical theories being presented on every side for our guidance and acceptance. Scholasticism has played its part in the resurrection of contemporary metaphysics and is also exercising a profound influence on the course of these investigations. A philosopher so unsympathetic to metaphysics as Professor Dewey has noted this phenomenon and points out its significance (the New Republic, February 15, 1928):

> Philosophy has its local veers and temporal swerves, but it returns from its oscillations to the central question of the relation of existence and ideas, matter and mind, nature and spirit. The vein of positivism and phenomenalism seems to be temporarily worked out. Contemporary philosophy shows a marked disposition to invade the field which much nineteenth-century thought contemptuously dismissed as "ontological"; it manifests a marked tendency to revert to the issues of Greek and mediaeval speculation and to inquire into the intrinsic nature of matter and mind, nature and spirit, and their relations with one another. For the first time, after many a long year, there is high discourse of being and essence.

It is in contemporary Germany, however, that the return to metaphysics has been most marked. Many influences are responsible for this turning to pure philosophy, and among them scholasticism must be noted as one of the most important. Professor Arthur Liebert, the editor of Kant-Studien, and one in a position to know the currents of German thought, has written in Contemporary German Philosophy (Philosophical Review, xxxvi) that:

> The whole ontological value-philosophy is either preparing a renaissance of the philosophy of Aristotle or already standing upon the shoulders of the Stagirite. So this ontology goes hand in hand with neo-Thomism, that significant philosophical tendency which, now in Germany also, shows an increasing number of adherents, not only in the clerical world, but also among professional philosophers.

This is a significant statement, since we cannot doubt that it represents the present status of metaphysical thought in the land of its greatest modern achievement.

The problems of metaphysics, such questions as what is essence and what existence, what substance and accident, nature and God, body and mind, have brought thinkers around once more to a discussion of the best means of approaching such topics. It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that in such a context the methods used by one of the greatest metaphysicians of all ages, Thomas Aquinas, should be reëxamined, and, as a matter of fact they have been, with the result that, as Professor Sheldon asserts in The Role of Dogma in Philosophy (Journal of Philosophy, xxiv):

> To regain the uncorrupted zeal of the metaphysical quest we must go back to the spirit of scholasticism, and especially to its consummation, the system of Aquinas. The first chapter of this system is an investigation of the being and attributes of a personal God. The task that lies before us today is to appreciate critically that investigation of Saint Thomas, as set forth in the first treatise—concerning God—of Part One of the Summa Theologica; to discern the truth and the error of it, to seek to fill the gaps if we find any and to seek new proofs. No other chapter of metaphysics takes precedence of this one.

I have grouped these statements of Professors Liebert, Dewey, Sheldon and Longwell, not because they are singular, but because they reveal the presence of a new consciousness of the worth of mediaeval philosophy which has become quite general among philosophers. It remains for our workers in mediaeval philosophy and our thinkers in the neo-scholastic field to push forward their researches with increasing vigor, convinced of the fact that the world of contemporary thought is not only in a receptive mood but is quite willing to discuss our viewpoint dispassionately, and even to appropriate, for modern philosophy, many of the lasting elements which scholasticism is universally admitted to possess.

JANE AUSTEN—AN APOLOGIA

By STANLEY B. JAMES

THE little town of Alton lies some forty-six miles to the south of London on the Portsmouth road. The route is also used by travelers to Southampton and Bournemouth. An incessant stream of motors passes to and fro along the main street. The metropolis sends out its crowd of holiday makers. Heavily laden lorries going in the opposite direction rumble through the little town, carrying some small portion of the food supply which daily pours into London. Mingling with the stream are touring cyclists, and pedestrians with packs on their backs. Altogether a strange medley of hurrying humanity.

They waste no time on the sleepy old place. A glance at the stolid-looking houses and their rustic inhabitants is all they can spare. Some of them, before long, will come to Winchester, and there, if they are folk of leisure, they may pause for a brief hour to gaze at the cathedral rising like a giant rock from amid the huddle of surrounding houses. But Alton has no such attraction to detain them and they pass on.

And Alton views them with an indifference comparable to their own. They bring but small trade to the local shops. Their contribution to the life of the town consists in little more than noise and the smell of petrol. The loungers at the street corners consequently pay small heed to the passing traffic. Yawning shop-keepers stand at the entrance to their establishments with no hope of gain from these nomads of the high road. Farmers' wives making their purchases, professional men gossiping on the pavement, local gentry guiding their motors slowly along the congested street and artisans moving with characteristic slowness display a nonchalant disregard for their speeding visitors. Alton keeps its own secrets. Those square-built, solid-looking, red brick houses belong to another age and hold themselves in proud reserve from the

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modern world with its unseemly haste. The old church tower, pockmarked with bullets from some skirmish of the civil war in the seventeenth century and with portions of its structure dating many centuries before that, might appear to be gazing curiously over the house roofs at the invaders, but it is not really doing so. It is dreaming of the Norman England it can remember and the days when it guarded a Divine Guest. Up in the marketplace bucolic Hampshire farmers, if it happens to be market day, poke the ribs of patient cattle in the approved fashion and discuss the price of pork and hops and wheat and eggs. Less even than the local inhabitants does the stream of alien traffic concern them.

The place has a prim, old-maidish look and reminds me sometimes of the row of elderly spinsters whom one may see fringing the gaiety of a ballroom, spinsters whose day is over but who retain a dignity which giddy youth may envy but cannot capture. An old-world wisdom learned in an age when folk had more time for reflection looks out of those severe windows at the changing scene. It is surely fitting that the locality should be associated with the name of Jane Austen.

About a mile out of the town at a point where the road forks, one branch passing on to Portsmouth, the other to Southampton, there stands a substantial-looking house. But for a certain quaint domesticity it would scarcely attract attention, but a tablet placed there by American admirers of the famous novelist declares it is where, for a considerable period of her life, Jane Austen lived and wrote. But for the improved condition of the highway (part of the great Pilgrim Way running from Southampton to Canterbury) the scene, I imagine, has scarcely changed since her day. Many of the Chawton cottages now standing must have seen the little lady whose name was to become so familiar, passing about her business. Often must she have admired the magnificent trees on the Chawton estate, now in the possession of the Knights, descendants of certain of her own kinsmen. I do not doubt that the large yew standing in the gardens of this prim dwelling has in its time sheltered her, while she sewed or wrote, from the summer sun. At the forking of the roads remains still, though shrunken in size, the pond of which she speaks in one of her letters.

I have said that it is fitting that this out-of-the-way corner should be associated with the name of Jane Austen. It is not always that the abode of authors typifies their character and work as Alton typifies the author of Pride and Prejudice and Sense and Sensibility. The description I have given of the neighborhood might almost be applied to the novelist herself. She lived in stirring times. While she sat and sewed under that old yew, smiling to herself at the oddities of her acquaintances, Napoleon was shaking Europe. Along that road now thronged with cars passed the messengers who bore the news of Waterloo, and even Chawton must have thrilled to hear of Trafalgar. She was not ignorant of these things. She had a brother in the navy and Nelson's victories must have had a domestic interest even if their more public importance did not appeal to her. She had friends among the officers of a neighboring garrison town and she could not, therefore, have been indifferent to the fortunes of the conquering Corsican. But none of these things disturb the pages of her novels. They are concerned with modes and manners. A world in turmoil leaves her apparently unruffled. She tells us how gentlemen proposed in those days. She sketches the pomposity of country clergymen. She initiates us into the mysteries of female gossip in an age before feminism was thought of. Fond mothers in her stories plot and plan the fate of marriageable daughters. But of the world-shaking events of her time there is no trace. The traffic of the early nineteenth century passes through her mind as today's traffic passes through Alton, and with as little permanent effect. No echo of the gigantic struggle then in progress mingles with the hum of well-bred voices in her quiet drawing-rooms.

We can scarcely understand this today. We live in an age dominated by the newspaper and this dominance is reflected in our literature. A novelist like H. G. Wells is more than half journalist. Even Hardy came out of his Wessex retreat to write The Dynasts. It is difficult to find a writer so insulated from the big events of history as was this observant recorder of rural society. Our novelists are fond of broad canvases. They splash their colors with reckless prodigality. But was not this aloofness in some measure the source of that quiet wisdom which characterizes her pages? She chronicles only events which no newspaper man would think worthy of headlines, but in that tiny microcosm of a world which she made her own, she sees more than most of us perceive who permit ourselves wider horizons. The types she draws are after all more permanent than the events to which our screaming press draws attention. Among her characters we mingle in leisurely fashion, enjoying the luxury they display of the old-world disregard for time. It is surely a worthy achievement to have provided for a harassed generation like our own literary retreats in which we can recover our breath and indulge in the now rare practice of musing.

Perhaps we may even venture to assert that, from the standpoint of contemporary needs, second only to those who provide spiritual retreats are those who make for us quiet literary refuges in which we may hide ourselves from the blatancy of the world. These are the mind's resting places, and happy are those who have sufficient force of will to resist the clamorous demands of the crowd and to steal a few hours of delicious idleness. Such idleness is becoming a lost art, and, if it be preserved at all, that will be due in no small measure to writers such as Jane Austen who keep for us the uncontaminated charm of places like Chawton, wherein for a little while we may forget Wall Street and Broadway.

I plead guilty here to the charge of writing a personal apologia. Living as I do in the Jane Austen country and almost as withdrawn as she was from the stirring events of the larger world, it has sometimes seemed that I was not taking my fair share in the struggles of our generation. Was it quite fair to those in the thick of the fight, I have asked myself, to be tending bees instead of tackling the thorny problems of international peace? Was there not something selfish in giving more thought to my orchard than to organizing uplift movements? But I have remembered the service those have rendered who have withdrawn from all these things to houses of prayer and meditation and the incalculable blessings conferred by the religious refuges they have established. It may be that a similar, though lesser, service is rendered by those whose lot it is to live apart in the secular world. Perhaps there may emanate something even from them which cools the fevered pulse and enables the mind to preserve its balance. At least I like to think so.

"A Worm and No Man"

Prophetic of all days, that line:
I know Thee what Thou art—
Blight of the world, O Divine
Worm, eating my heart!

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

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POEMS FOR HOLY WEEK

The Last Supper

(*Scene in the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan,* 1498.)

Leonardo da Vinci speaks:

Away with compliments, good lords and gentlefolk
Of Milan, buzzing hives of scholars, monks
And prelates, sonnetteers and abbesses
And languid chatelaines, who come to lay
Your laurels here at my Cenacolo!
You do but mock my triumph thwarted here,
The rout of my superior power where I
Would paint the Face Divine, and fail—aghast
With indecision, my proud touch unsure
While I behold the vision draw away
Reluctant to my craftmanship. Alas!
The dream and the ideal, lost and gone!
There was one lad upon whose seraph face
I found the features for my chosen Christ,
The line was chaste, the spirit on the brows
Was sweet as heaven by Angelico—
My Giovanni, you for whom I put aside
The cloying blooms of Perugino's brush
Restraining ecstasy and attitude
But spurring Pegasus at heavens serene
With their midsummer stars. My Giovanni,
Weary, poor lad, of my deliberate craft—
The innocence of his boyhood melting down
Amid our vicious Milan—his clear glow
Of Tuscan purity blackened in the flame
That sears our too luxurious life of art—
I, serpent 'neath that rose—until the day
He sacked my treasure-chest and fled the town
With my rare necklace young Cellini wrought!
How can I then complete my Christ, good Prior,
Despite the clamor of your monks to move
My scaffoldings from off your walls? Can I,
A thwarted painter, a half-broken dupe,
Collect the fragments of my shattered dream
And leave them in the Holy Supper place?
But there is other work that claims me now:
Last night they brought me to the Sforza crypts
Where they made ready with the block for one,
They said, would make a perfect model of
A type as fiendish as I wished; and from
The secret dungeons they haled out for me
A royal criminal, a villainous flower,
A flaming mongerer of blameless girls,
Of holy chalices, a blasphemous
Assassin of his benefactors, armed
With flashes of the diabolical.
He's dangerous, they say; nay, in those chains
He cannot harm me! Rogue, lift up your head.
O God, and what a face! What demon's glance!
At last, at last, I have my Judas here!
Quick, let me sketch that snakelike glower that slips
Between your brows. Judas! or are you Satan?
Yes, smile, you fiend! What's that? "Ha, ha," he sneered,
"And so, old Leonardo meets me still
To serve his Mother Church? And is that face
Still vaguely outlined at the Grazie?"
What face, I asked. "I mean the Master's face."
What know you, fiend, about the Master's face?
"We knew it once together, Pharisee,
When you and I were comrades once
A few short years ago." Comrades!—with you?
"Look closer, closer yet," he said;
"Nay have no fear"—My Giovanni, yes—
Merciful God! They took you out to die
Upon the block! And so, good Father Prior,
Today I paint not Christ but Judas' face!—
For that my touch is ripe—My brush—my paints!

THOMAS WALSH.

Ballad of a Bad Citizen on Good Friday

The hour that Christ once drained the cup
  Of thorns and blood and steel,
A pale and haggard man came up
  And braced me for a meal.

Like a burgess good I thought to lie
  And say I had no change;
But I looked at his sad and sunken eye,
  His face so tired and strange.

Now I did not think him the Crucified
  And he may have been one of the thieves,
But I gave him a coin for the Wounded Side
  And my joy in the budding leaves.

And for this grievous sin of mine
  'Gainst all good citizenry,
By the soldier's pitying sponge of wine
  May I forgiven be!

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Pontius Pilate

Though the sun swept the crowd, the day was dark—
Dark with a premonition even he
Could sense: a thing of strange immensity—
He knew not what... and yet it stirred the spark
Of truth, however deeply hid, that lies
Within the hearts of men. Thus he looked down
On One Who stood there—lean and strong and brown,
Who met his gaze with clear, unsullied eyes,
Who spake not, but Whose silence answered all,
Complete in its own majesty. And so
The Roman turned to face the crowd below,
Flinging their scorn from wall to city wall...
His great, unconscious tribute, sanctified
To meet that hour—"Behold the man!" he cried.

CATHERINE PARMENTER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Henry the Fifth

IF THE customary author's royalties were paid on every Shakespeare production in New York this winter, and the resulting fund devoted to the Stratford Memorial, that project would be vastly further along. Incidentally this would not be a bad notion, in so far as the indirect taxation would fall upon Shakespeare lovers, and the direct payment upon managers who find either a profit or an educational thrill in producing his works. Twelfth Night, Much Ado About Nothing, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merry Wives of Windsor, Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, Taming of the Shrew, and now the almost unknown Henry the Fifth! Not a bad record for one New York season, and possibly the end is not yet. The combined royalties would make a tidy sum!

In any case, our jubilant thanks are due those managers who have given us a taste of Shakespeare minus the atmosphere of a religious ceremony—notably to Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis for their boisterous Shrew in modern dress, to Reinhardt for his glamorous pageant of the Dream, and to Mrs. Fiske for a downright happy-go-lucky Merry Wives (of which more presently).

Walter Hampden's mood is different. If it is not religious, it is at least reliquarian—solemn, sincere, not wholly inspired and yet dignified and immensely worthy of respect.

I wish I could wholeheartedly join the ranks of those who consider Mr. Hampden a really great actor and eminent artist. If ever hard work, intelligence, devotion and fine natural talent have deserved such praise, then Mr. Hampden deserves it today. His work is invariably interesting. In An Enemy of the People it was capitally entertaining. In Caponsacchi it was finely romantic and spiritual. Yet it seems never to be wholly engaging and glamorous. One almost longs for greater faults and more tangible targets for criticism in the hope that they would then be balanced by more intriguing virtues. The nearest I can come to discovering the cause of the slight dullness which shadows much of his work is a feeling that he looks too much within himself, that he does not allow the emotions of the character to play across him like a free or a fiery wind, and that in his fine intellectual intention too many powerful currents are catalogued and analyzed until they lose some of the freshness which is their birthright.

Thus Hampden's Henry the Fifth lacks freedom and resource. It has majestic moments, and others that are deeply moving. But it is hardly Prince Hal come to the throne. The wooing of Katherine, for example, in the last act, gives free license for a return of the old spirit which so abounds in Henry the Fourth. But even in this scene, no one, by any leap of imagination, could possibly say, "Ah—there stands Hal once more!"

No—the bluntness and bluffness are synthetic. It is the staid, philosophical King Henry trying to rediscover his youth, and finding only the gestures and none of the spirit. This is where Mr. Hampden seems to lack resource and the driving intuition of the great artist who captures a mood alien to his personal character by sheer obliteration of himself. Undoubtedly Mr. Hampden could be Caponsacchi, or Hamlet, or Cyrano. He might even be the misunderstood Dr. Stockman. He has a real flair for misunderstood characters—possibly through the very reserve which seems to be part of his own personality. But in more transparent and downright parts—Othello, for example, as well as Hal turned King—he is less successful. Too many overtones remain of the Hampden personality. He has not emptied himself enough to let the alien character flow in. And in that inability lies one flaw which bars the appraisal of thorough artistry.

The general mood of the production is beyond reproach, a fine and honest effort, heightened to real importance by the astonishingly simple and effective settings designed by Claude Bragdon. They not only facilitate rapid changes of scene, but have a rare beauty not at all in the line of conventional realism. The acting company, as usual, is adequate and little more, though I would venture to disagree with the many critics who thought Mabel Moore, as the Chorus, reminiscent of a nursery governess. To me, she had a pleasant naïveté and charm, and next to Cecil Yapp as Fluellen, did most to lighten the slightly incense-laden atmosphere. How good a Pistol Norman Hammond might have been I cannot tell, as the first night saw him suffering from acute throat congestion. I suspect his intentions of being admirable. (At Hampden's Theatre.)

The Merry Wives of Windsor

HAVING, in the storehouse of memory, Beerbohm Tree and Ellen Terry to compare with Otis Skinner and Mrs. Fiske in the Merry Wives of Windsor, it is no small pleasure to record that the Fiske-Skinner production now at the old Knickerbocker Theatre quite equals the remembered delights of London some seventeen years ago. And in one respect it goes London one better. For Otis Skinner's Falstaff, whether in the Merry Wives, or in Henry the Fourth, must always be, to me, a glowing and unshadowed memory.

For some curious reason, critics seem disposed to be cruel and vindictive toward Falstaff. They want to see him as the immortal but worthless clown, the butt of every trickster and the last word in base though comic vulgarity. This, I am sure, was never Shakespeare's intention. Witness merely the few tender lines about his death in Henry the Fifth, the name of God three times repeated on his dying breath. Some day an artist worthy of the subject will paint the picture of this scene. And in the face of the old knight you will see, almost obliterated to be sure, the lines of chivalry, the vision of the deed which once won him his deserved stroke of the sword. You will see a fine humor and tolerance facing death bravely, in spite of the inroads of senile conceit and obese decay. A fallen knight, but none the less once a true knight, the features of romantic youth still peering at the vision of God from behind the mask of forlorn and enormous old age. If that is the true picture of his death, then Otis Skinner gives us the true picture of his life, in the same gentle and understanding perspective, decay and absurdity in process, if you will, but never without a fine hint of the estate from which Falstaff has fallen—an estate which embraced real chivalry and knighthood.

The bawdy story of the Merry Wives gives less room than Henry the Fourth for the finer delineations of Falstaff's character. At best this butt of Mistresses Page and Ford is on dark mischief bent. He deserves his boiling in filthy clothes, his dumping in the Thames, his flagellation from Ford and his

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punchings and prickings under Herne's Oak. If Shakespeare gave us no other picture than this fatty monster of vanity and fatuous intrigue, we might forget that he was ever a knight. But Falstaff is a character far beyond the bounds of a single play, and when Otis Skinner chooses to remind us, in a hundred subtle ways, that here is pathos as well as vulgar wit, kindliness as well as lecherousness, and knighthood as well as drunken flesh—then we should welcome this finer perception and applaud it as one of the few truly great characterizations which have appeared in our times.

Of Mrs. Fiske as Mistress Page and Henrietta Crossman as Mistress Ford, it is really enough to say that they play the old farce to its finest edge, with verve and boundless enthusiasm. Mrs. Fiske knows every trick of the stage, and heightens every line of comedy she utters. But Mistress Page is hardly a character of importance beyond her actual lines, and Mrs. Fiske does not reach for any overtones. The whole production bristles with simplicity and directness. Its pace is rapid and the result highly entertaining, within the limits of its own vulgar idioms.

Improvisations in June

SURELY no one but Miss Le Gallienne would have produced this play. Written by Max Mohr in a mood of tender and discursive satire, its points are achieved by subtlety rather than underscoring, and its characters are chiefly personifications of various philosophies. The English translation by Susanne Behn and Cecil Lewis establishes a fine linguistic mood. It is an intensely interesting play, but one without a ray of hope for the commercial theatre. And there you have a characteristic gesture of Miss Le Gallienne.

Prince Orloff has just died. The old princess cannot live on without him. Moreover she is to be dispossessed by an incoming American millionaire who has bought her castle. She asks the keeper, Tompkinov, himself a fugitive from the police, to shoot her so that she may rejoin her husband. His shot rings through the castle as the millionaire, Samuel Mill, enters into possession.

Ian Mill, his son, suffers from melancholy. He is seeking for some one thing in the world which cannot be bought. He finds it in the daughter of Zappe, an improvisator hired to entertain the Mill party. Neither she nor Tompkinov, with whom she falls in love, can be won away from the freedom they seek. This discovery cures Ian's melancholy, renewing his hope as it also dashes the faith of Samuel Mill in the omnipotence of his dollars.

This is a bald outline of a story that at certain moments attains the richness of allegory. Its figures are Doubt, Pride, Arrogance, Youth, Freedom, Courage, Love and the immortal Play-Boy. The absent figures are Faith and Humility. These beings are all egocentric—even the seemingly heroic old princess, to whom life has no meaning beyond the human companionship it has brought.

It is, therefore, essentially, rather an allegory of the modern world, so-called, where faith rests only in humanity, and evil only in the passions of men. Within this narrow limitation, the story moves with humor, pathos and fine sincerity. If, in spite of this, it rings rather emptily, it is because we glimpse nowhere the great solvents of all human complexities. Miss Le Gallienne as the old princess does one of her finest characterizations, with excellent support by Donald Cameron as Tompkinov, John Eldridge as Ian Mill and Josephine Hutchinson in the poetic character of the improvisator's daughter. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Scottdale, Pa.

TO the Editor:—A light is not placed under a measure nor should a talent be hidden away in a napkin. The Commonweal is one of the best papers I take. It is not filed but passed on for others to enjoy and profit also by the good things in it.

Hence there are no back numbers to consult. That matters little, however, as a direct, definite, unmistakable answer is what was desired. None has been offered. The subject could be dismissed with thanking Mr. Hopkins, as I do, for pointing out what might suggest one answer to the inquiry as to why some good Catholics favor alcoholic beverages and despise prohibition. But the question should receive an authoritative, unmistakable answer, not be ignored or evaded with a vague reply.

The public has a right to know why Catholics follow a course that scandalizes their fellow-Catholics, discredits their Church, occasions and encourages men to violate a law at the risk of their lives. They must have a very good reason to justify such a course; and it does not seem impertinent to ask them for it; and they should welcome the opportunity to make it public through The Commonweal, lest it be suspected they could consult with advantage the resourceful schoolboy who smoked cigarettes for corns.

But that way lies controversy. I must shun that. No more of that. I am too old for that, though not to learn.

REV. M. A. LAMBING.

CITY PEOPLE ON FARMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—We may believe it or not, but there is more truth than poetry in the Reverend Francis J. Gostomski's communication to The Commonweal of March 7, referring to Catholics buying farm land and settling thereon, and pointing with particular emphasis to the economic and religious disadvantages that are unavoidably encountered by Catholic would-be settlers. Father Gostomski's personal observation of the situation was not only noble in motive but far-reaching in purpose, as well. It should, as he urges on the foreign-speaking pastors, be broadcast to all their flock as a danger and menace to their religious and economic attainment.

Of the six families of foreign extraction that Father Gostomski mentioned in his analysis of the matter, the Slovaks have been the most blundering of victims. I had pointed out this fact through an article called Slovaks in Florida, published in the Jednota (Unity) a weekly newspaper issued by the First Catholic Slovak Union in the United States of America. Mr. Joseph Husek, who is editor of the Jednota, an able denouncer and a member of a "wrecking crew" against those who would take advantage of the Slovak people in America, had unflinchingly supported my article for all the good that he saw in its purpose.

Recent observations indicate that the Slovak people in America are becoming, in a rather modest way, the national popularizers of American religious and political economics. From one point of view it cannot be otherwise than obvious that Slovakians long settled in America are ready to take full measure of the freedom established in an existing government. While this is being done, other forces are at work in the East which, it seems, have preëminently devoted themselves to sponsoring

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and encouraging the Slovak people from the mining regions of Pennsylvania as well as the factory districts of New England and central western states. The said forces have come to employ diverse means to persuade the Slovak people to buy cheap and largely speculative land here and in Florida.

The Slovak people have come to America simply because they wanted a much happier lot than they would possibly ever have had in the old country. The wanted a better education for themselves and their children as well as a right acquisition of the greater energies for their new tasks of personal and religious development. Yet they seem to stand out as an easy prey for the various exploitationists, land and otherwise. From their earliest settlement in this country, the Slovaks had been urged to invest in farm land in Pennsylvania, then in New Jersey and in Connecticut. How many have remained on these farms? They had been led from one farm to another as though they were herds of sheep put there purposely to graze the land, only to find that it did not pay. Will the Slovaks now turn their backs on the farms and return to the city where progress is more promising? Yes! Adding to this, in the popular vernacular of the day: "And how!"

STEPHEN J. PALICKAR.

THE COMMONWEAL'S ERROR

Brockville, Ontario.

TO the Editor:—We Canadians do not mind the slips of lesser publications over the border, but when the Herald Tribune and The Commonweal nod, we grow impatient.

In your issue of March 14, under Week by Week, in the course of your graceful reference to the luncheon tendered the Honorable Charles Murphy at Ottawa, you have the (to Canadian Catholics) astonishing statement: ". . . Sir John Thompson, the last Catholic to fill the office of Premier. . . ."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a Catholic and Canada's greatest Premier, held office for fifteen consecutive years from 1896 to 1911. Sir John Thompson was Premier from 1892 to 1894.

The Herald Tribune made the statement that Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, was "the first British Premier to visit Washington since Premier Bruce of Australia was here," notwithstanding the widely heralded visit of the Honorable W. L. MacKenzie King, Premier of Canada, in the meantime. These are small things but we like even perfection in the papers we are proud of.

REV. K. J. KENNEDY, C.SS.R.

College de l'Assomption, Province of Quebec.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of March 14, under the head of Week by Week, regarding the luncheon held in the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa, is it possible that the Honorable Charles Murphy talked of Sir John Thompson as "the last Catholic to fill the office of Premier" in Canada, without remembering, in that very Chateau Laurier, that the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a French Canadian who lived and died an indefectible Roman Catholic, and who was maintained Prime Minister of Canada from 1896 to 1911?

Irrespective of racial strain, of religious affiliation or of political following, most Canadians will never "agree that this fits the Honorable Charles Murphy," to use the words of your own comment, and I should be most thankful to you for enclosing this statement in your next issue.

REV. J. HONORÉ SIGNORI.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It is an unwelcome job to find even the slightest fault with The Commonweal, and particularly with your Open Letter to Bernard Shaw, but in the present instance it seems necessary. The name of the gallant old-time newspaper correspondent whom you mention was not McGeehan, as your types make him, but MacGahan—in full, Januarius Aloysius MacGahan. More, probably, than any other man, he started the uprising which ultimately redeemed the Christian states of the Balkans from the oppression of the Ottoman Turks; for which his name deserves eternal honor.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON,
Associate Editor, the North American Review.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I recently noted in several newspaper publications the proposal in Congress of a bill to provide a pension for those of our worthy people who have reached the age of sixty and, through circumstances beyond their control, have been unable to accumulate a sufficient amount to care for their advancing years.

To those more fortunate (either through inheritance, or by their efforts, in which labor is a most essential part) it would appear perhaps as a radical proposition encouraging idleness and promoting deterioration of thrift and efficiency. But I am of the opinion that its humanitarian thought, its proposal as a reward of merit similar in character to that awarded for service, its exemplification of Christian principles in practice and not theory, would result in a minimum of crime and discourage organizations opposed to our constitutional form of government.

It would prove relatively economical in the creation of goodwill, the encouragement of industry and loyalty in service, with increased efficiency a factor, too, and ultimately would minimize, if not eradicate, the necessity of charity, a condition that the majority of our residents would gladly eliminate, statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

While it may be considered from a view entirely political, let us return to the principles on which the government was founded and the constitution created, by legislating matters to express the will of the majority, by promoting better relations between capital and labor and by continuing the affairs of this glorious country with Abraham Lincoln's famous expression as a fundamental basis for all that we undertake: "Malice toward none and charity for all."

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

MISS REPPLIER'S WORK

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal is to be congratulated on having The Bridge of San Luis Rey reviewed by Agnes Repplier. Miss Repplier writes with such understanding and taste that one almost wishes that her able criticism might be inserted in every volume sold.

ALICE E. WARREN.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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BOOKS

Russia's Eleventh Hour

The Reign of Rasputin, by M. V. Rodzianko; translated by Catherine Zvegintzoff. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.00.

The Catastrophe: Kerensky's Own Story of the Russian Revolution. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

HERE are two books of which one is the complement of the other, and which ought to be read simultaneously. After one has perused them, it will be possible even for an outsider to judge the Russian Revolution, and to understand the causes that brought it about, as well as the psychology of the people, who, most of the time, were too weak to prove themselves the leaders of men that they believed they were.

M. Rodzianko was the last President of the imperial Duma, and as such had, more than anyone else, the opportunity to judge of the conditions of the Russian empire during the years which preceded the war, and the fall of the Romanoff dynasty. He was one of the most honest men in this vast realm, and he did not lack moral or physical courage when the fate of his country was at stake. The pictures he gives us of the rottenness of the imperial régime are the more striking in that he does not indulge in any rhetorical efforts, but simply tells us things as they were, just as he told them to the sovereign whom he tried to save from the abyss which he saw opening before him long before the war had broken out. Thanks to him, we can watch the rapid decay of what once had been a great thing—the ruin of Russia brought about by the obstinacy of the Empress Alexandra on the one hand, and the weakness of Nicholas II on the other.

They present indeed a pitiful picture, this husband and wife, neither of whom realized their ghastly errors, or the ruin they were to bring on their country and their dynasty. The sordid story of Rasputin, of this common peasant, this sectarian, is for the first time unfolded to us in all its details. We hear at last how all the honest, well-meaning and monarchist elements in Russian society were aroused to indignation by the influence which this dangerous individual had acquired over the sovereign, thanks to the mysticism and lack of mental balance of the Empress and we can watch the disastrous work of the latter, and realize that it was due to her, in great part, that the throne on which Peter the Great and Catherine II had sat crumbled into the dust.

The first chapters of M. Rodzianko's book are, in that respect, perhaps more interesting than the last ones, by what they reveal to us of the state of public opinion immediately before the war, and of the lack of character of the Czar. The latter was repeatedly warned against Rasputin, and the energy with which the President of the Duma tried to have the dangerous sectarian turned out of the imperial palace deserves all praise. Very few men would have had the courage to tell their sovereign, in the Russia of those days, what he told Nicholas, or to warn him of the peril in which stood the dynasty. Unfortunately it was all in vain, and the duplicity of the Emperor appears on almost every page of this remarkable book. We see him loading his ministers with amiability and dismissing them one hour later, and we see him, instigated by his wife, doing his best to curtail the privileges of the Duma, the legislative assembly which he had himself called into existence and then tried to destroy by all the means which lay in his power.

The fact which stands out prominently in this tale of woe, is that, when the war broke out, Russia was on the brink of a revolution which undoubtedly would have taken place within a few months, if the wave of patriotism which then swept over the country had not delayed it.

And curious to say we find a confirmation of this fact in Kerensky's story of the Russian revolution, in which he says among other things that, "in order that Russia's war drama may be understood, it is necessary to keep in mind that the war did not provoke, but on the contrary postponed, temporarily, the revolutionary movement which had been gathering increasing momentum with inexorable stubbornness."

Rodzianko and his friends had tried to stop that movement. They tried it before and during the war, when all their efforts were directed toward the salvation of their fatherland by means of a change in its abominable government. Their conduct all through these dreadful years was that of great patriots. It is sad that one really must acknowledge it was not that of great statesmen, which explains better than anything else why, when the hour of danger struck, they were not able to resist the unexpected foes who suddenly emerged out of apparent nothingness.

There are two terrible chapters in Rodzianko's book. The first one is where he tells us of a conference which took place in his flat between General Krymoff, one of the commanders on the front, and many members of the Duma and of the Council of State, when the old soldier told them that there could be no hope of victory until the government had changed its course, or given way to another which the army could trust, adding that the spirit of that army was such, that the news of a coup d'état would be welcomed by it with joy. "If you decide on such an extreme step, we will support you. . . the Emperor attaches more weight to his wife's influence than to all honest words of warning. There is no time to lose."

But his audience was not as determined as Krymoff, and the men to whom he spoke refused to break their oath of allegiance, or lacked the courage to do so. Russia went on to its ruin.

The second incident is even more pathetic. During the last audience which the Czar gave to Rodzianko, the latter implored him again not to compel the Russian people to choose between him and the good of the country. Nicholas pressed his head between his hands, then said: "Is it possible that for twenty-two years I tried to act for the best, and that for twenty-two years it was all a mistake?" The President of the Duma could only with difficulty keep his self control, but at last replied: "Yes, your Majesty. For twenty-two years you followed a wrong course."

Unfortunately this remarkable book stops with the outbreak of the revolution. We would have liked its writer to carry it further, and to tell us all about those March days which saw the overthrow of the dynasty of the Romanoffs. We would have liked to compare his account of them with that of Kerensky, whose story begins there where Rodzianko left it off. His book is also illuminating although in a different sense. First of all it is not entirely exact, because it conveniently brushes aside, or fails to mention, any event or circumstance likely to throw discredit upon the writer. It is on the contrary a glorification of the latter, and at the same time a monumental description of a great failure for which no other excuse can be found than the utter incompetence of the men who believed they were doing great deeds, while absolutely ignorant of the means by which such deeds could be achieved. He writes just as he speaks, with eloquence and fervor, but after he has spoken, there remains nothing but nothingness out of all that

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he has said. The excuses which he invokes to attenuate his own mistakes are childish, not to say anything else, and the explanation which he gives us of his conduct when he fled before the Bolsheviks, leaving women and young boys to defend the winter palace, savor of the absurd. And the curious thing is that often he treats his readers to what is commonly called in French, "les vérités de Monsieur de la Palisse," without realizing at all that such is the case. For instance when he says that, after the revolution had become an accomplished fact, the "crux of the situation lay not in reforms but in the want of confidence in the new government," one may well ask why could not this government, of which Kerensky was at first one of the members, and afterward the head, show itself sufficiently energetic to inspire confidence in the masses? The latter had been but too much inclined to believe in its merits, and it was its own fault that it failed.

The entire description of the Bolshevist coup d'état is weak and lacks reality in its summary. One feels that if it had not been Lenin, it would have been somebody else who would have overturned Kerensky with his meaningless eloquence. It is not worthy of notice, and the whole book is more the pleading of a clever lawyer in a political trial than the work of a man pretending to be a statesman.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Imperial Showman

Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age, by André Maurois. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS became a celebrity on the publication of Ariel four years ago. His life of Shelley—witty, laconic, bright, with its penetrating sympathy—won a universal attention and also showed how far its author was superior to the general run of latter-day biographers. He profited by the psychological method but he also showed enough originality to claim a widespread approval. In spite of the fact that Ariel told us so little about a great poet's mind, it etched upon the sympathy an unforgettable portrait, concise and bitter. In Mape, however, M. Maurois worked on too slight a scale; the pictures of Goethe, Balzac and Mrs. Siddons were without original definition or weight of judgment. Consequently the announcement of his book on Disraeli in Gallimard's Vies des Hommes Illustrés was received with a justified query. Would it be merely an amusement, one of those quaint decorations in the neo-Victorian style with dangling puppets surrounded by their grandiose ambitions and droll furniture, the whole thing managed by a clever working of the strings and a blithe air of disdain? Queen Victoria gave us something very expert and diverting, something not open to much successful imitation, as so many later books have shown.

In Hamish Miles's translation Disraeli now appears and shows how a skilful writer meets his difficulties. Instead of handling the career of his hero in stylized, analytical terms, M. Maurois has told a simple story. He has made a compromise between Strachey's resourceful comment and his own former narrative terseness. His book does not try to be the usual "portrait": it is a lively, colorful pantomime. The characters never talk so that we hear them very clearly, but they act with the most convincing realism and it is a relief to find the rhetoric left out. One of the chief among M. Maurois's talents is his ability to evade the dangers of the historical imagination. When conversations are woven into the narrative we are made to feel that they were once actually delivered. With real caution, he modifies the method of official biography by a judicious use of the novelist's devices. He lacks Strachey's gift for lucid interpretation but he knows uncannily how to let the facts speak for themselves. When he departs from his document it is to point contrasts or conclusions with sharp effect. For this balance and restraint his new book is remarkable and by excellent selection it becomes a true vignette of nineteenth-century opportunism.

Disraeli was a curiosity among the Victorians. His deliberate rise to fame, his exotic racial background, his dandified exploitations of personality and his grandiloquent triumphs, all make him one of that company of strange adventurers which enchanted his father earlier in the age. M. Maurois has taken two things as his clue: Disraeli's singularity of origin and outlook, and his indefatigable enthusiasm for fame. Setting these down among the Parliaments, warfares, imperialism, drawing-rooms and prejudices of contemporary English life, he has profited by a delightful contrast. His hero is in a sense a lonely hero. He marches upon a strange world. He projects his humorous imagination into situations where his very presence seems unnatural. He begins life with a relentless ambition and even when he resorts to sheer hypocrisy the sly, amused adventurer invariably wins us.

There is an almost picaresque element in Disraeli's story, but M. Maurois does not admit that it is the story of a charlatan. He has reconciled the savage dislike of past and present enemies with the enormous admiration of Victoria and her loyal subjects. The whole English and continental scene is a stage setting for an expert performance—expert because it is informed with wit and caution, shrewd foresight and sympathy. When the actor dies, his biographer makes us feel that he knew just how much was real and how much counterfeit. With this motivation we follow the hero of the primrose through his school days, his first success in Parliament, the writing of his novels, the drawing-rooms of London and fine days at Windsor, the skirmishes with Bentinck and Gladstone, the Congress of Berlin, the quiet life with Mary Ann, and the final tranquillity of Hughenden.

For a more complete and a sterner historical judgment we must go to Murray or Raymond, and for a fuller document to Monypenny and Buckle. But we cannot withhold from M. Maurois's story the affection it deserves. Lacking the incisive charm of Ariel, it is, nevertheless, even-tempered and plausible, and it adds appreciably to the author's reputation for wit and discernment.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Hard Lives and Hard Facts

The Income and Standard of Living of Unskilled Laborers in Chicago, by Leila Houghteling. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

THIS study carried on by Dr. Houghteling under the auspices of the Graduate School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago deals with the relation of relief budgets to incomes in a group of unskilled laborers' families in Chicago, a subject which has presented itself for discussion in various places since the English Poor Law reform in 1834. The present inquiry brings to notice conditions which challenge public interest. In two-thirds of the 467 families studied, the earnings of the chief wage-earner were insufficient to support the family; in 267 families the father was the sole earner, but in only 112 were his wages the sole income. One-fourth of the wives of these laborers worked long hours for low wages. Moreover 48.4 percent of the families had made

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use of the free services of at least one social agency during the year 1924, which was the period covered by the study.

The method and scope of the study are unique. Previous studies of incomes and standards of living have been based on estimates of earnings given by the families themselves. In this instance information concerning the earnings of the laborers was contributed by a group of employers in Chicago. The value of this method over those previously employed is strikingly brought out by table xv, indicating that in 68.2 percent of the families the estimated earnings were below the actual earnings; in 28.7, they were in excess of the actual earnings and in 3.1 percent, or a total of thirteen families, were the estimated and actual earnings identical.

The book contains sixty-five statistical tables indicating important findings and correlations relating to family make-up, age of chief wage-earner, nationality, incomes and sources of the family fund. Standards of living as to food, housing, savings, debts and indications of comfort, are painstakingly dealt with. Detailed studies which were made of the adequacy of the budgets and expenditures are reported in the appendix. There are interesting comparisons between the Chicago Standard Budget and the earnings and the family fund, and Dr. Houghteling's conclusions in this chapter are very important. " . . . In more than two-thirds of the 302 families for whom these comparisons could be made, the wages of the chief wage-earner are not sufficient to maintain a standard of living equal to that provided by the Chicago Budget; and in some of these cases the deficit existing between the earnings and the Budget is very great, amounting to more than one-half the man's earnings. That is, in order to maintain a standard equal to the Budget, he would have to increase his earnings by 50 percent. However, it is equally important to remember that when all sources of income are included, a larger number, more than one-half of all the families, are able to meet the requirements of the Budget. But it is evident that even with all the sources of income included, there are many families (44.9 percent) still unable to meet or approximate these requirements."

Of interest also is the information which is brought out about the conditions of living among Negro families. Out of the total of 131 families in which the chief wage-earner was born in the United States, eighty-seven were Negroes. It was found that a far larger proportion of Negro families supported dependent relatives than is the case with white families, and a larger proportion in relation to the total number of Negroes have boarders in their homes than do the white families. "More than 80 percent of the colored families spent 20 percent or more of the earnings of the chief wage-earner for rent, while among the white families only 30 percent paid that large a proportion."

Dr. Houghteling's study had its origin in a discussion of the Council of Social Agencies concerning the relation of the standard budget in use by the relief agencies there to the prevailing incomes of unskilled laborers. The importance of its findings are, however, not local. The conclusions which are drawn as to the amount of the income actually available for this group, and the kind of living that can be purchased from it, are an important contribution to the literature on wages and standards of living.

The framework on which these socially and scientifically valuable facts are presented is the author's recognition of the human needs of the families and the ethical and social aspects of a standard of living which means more than mere subsistence. Her work shows a wide and intensive knowledge of the subject both from an economic and a sociological point of view. It is a dispassionate and sympathetic analysis of life under conditions that most of us prefer to ignore, because they involve so many questions of ethical responsibility for these conditions. Her own composite background gave her an unusually advantageous position from which she observed many varieties of living. Through family ties she knew the employing group. She had served as a director of several important social agencies in Chicago; for several years she was a professional social worker in one of them, and the last years of her life were given to arduous study in preparation for future work as a professor in the social sciences. We could hardly devise a training and preparation for such a study that would be more fitting. Yet Leila Houghteling had those qualities of nature that are needed to bring such preparation to noble fruition—warm and quick sympathies, and a rare ability to form unbiased judgments.

Rose J. McHugh.

China in Evolution

China, A Nation in Evolution, by Paul Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IT HAS been said that the essence of diplomacy is to be able to appreciate the other man's viewpoint. Upon this hypothesis Dr. Paul Monroe of Teachers' College, Columbia University, qualifies as a diplomat of rare parts, for in his new book upon China this New York educator presents the Chinese viewpoint of the international situation affecting that country at the present time with a sympathy and thorough insight that is positively refreshing in these days of superficial discussion of far-eastern affairs. Dr. Monroe explicitly states that his book does not aim to be either exhaustive or authoritative. While perhaps not exhaustive it certainly is authoritative in its splendid presentation and analysis of the historical background of Chinese social, family and religious or ethical life and the psychology of the present revolution—a book of understanding and appreciation, pithy, epigrammatical and informative in the highest degree.

Not all persons familiar with China and its problems may be able to agree with all the conclusions reached by Dr. Monroe with respect to practical politics and policies, nor is it necessary that there should be this agreement to value properly the fair manner in which both sides of current controversies are presented. In the matter of treaty revision, for example, it hardly seems practicable or just to abandon Americans and American interests established under the treaties complained of by the Chinese to the tender mercies of military dictators, until there is a government of some fair degree of responsibility in China to which Americans can look for protection. After all, the careers and fortunes of many Americans and other aliens in China have been spent or invested in China in good faith under the protection of international agreements based upon good faith. However, it is undoubtedly true that the United States is in a position to take the leadership in treaty reform and should take it before revision is forced upon us. Nor can one agree altogether with the exposition of the attitude and methods of American business men in regard to the Chinese trade, for the attitude of Shanghai business men in many cases is far different from the attitude of their principals in the United States. Nevertheless both political and commercial relations, as well as cultural and intellectual influences between China and the western powers in the future, must and will be upon an entirely new basis. It is not altogether a matter of what we ought to grant nor even what is best. Dr. Monroe says:

"The chief facts with which western powers now have to

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deal in their contacts with China are the states of mind, the emotional reactions and the purposes and convictions of the Chinese . . . . The western powers are now not dealing with a government, nor even with several governments; they are dealing with a people. And the facts of determining importance on one side are not those of a political, but of a psychological character; and on the other, that the responsible negotiations are in the hands of military men. Not so much what the politicians propose but what the people think constitutes the determining consideration now to be dealt with in China."

In other words affairs in China have progressed to a point where our future relations may depend less upon what we want than upon what we can get. It is only fair to the American people to add, however, that they have shown every indication of being ready and willing—almost anxious, one might say—to revise Sino-American treaties and to assist the Chinese people toward a realization of all just and proper national aspirations. In fact the two peoples agree in principle; the problem is that of enabling governmental machinery to register such agreement. Nor is it wise that the present policy of drift, of waiting for Chinese unity, be continued indefinitely. Undoubtedly the present is an occasion for the exercise of real statesmanship and we ought to take the initiative although that may not be as easy as it sounds. However:

"The difficulty in the Chinese situation, as in all international misunderstandings, is the lack of the will to settle the difficulty. If a will to settle the problem rather than a will to preserve diplomatic technical procedure controlled the situation, the impasse might soon be bridged."

Above all the situation in China should be judged not by everyday occurrences now receiving so much attention in the press but in the light of the fact that China is passing through a process of evolution which involves not only a change in government, which after all might not be realized and at most is merely a surface indication of deeper things, but also a revolution in its entire civilization. This cannot be accomplished in a day, and in the meantime the world has abundant notice that a civil war is in progress in China, and it must be prepared to accept some of the inevitable results.

GEORGE E. ANDERSON.

Don Quixote in Hoosierdom

The High Ground, by Jonathan Brooks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

WHEN James Andrew Marvin drew his blade against political schemers and newspaper enemies, in the middle-western city where he had built up a fearless newspaper, he was wont to "take the high ground," regardless of how much mud his opponents waded through in attacking him. He was an expansive idealist, fiercely and instinctively on the side of honorable government, contemptuous of pettiness wherever he found it. His causes were usually the lost ones—usually the right ones. His ground was too high. Unlike either his opponents or the lethargic people of the city for which he fought, "he said what he meant and he meant what he said." Yet however much his personal fortunes swayed between zenith and nadir, his ultimate influence on his community was deep.

Although his own high-mindedness and the reactions to it among his sons is the focal point of the novel, the author has a clear secondary purpose of rearing a testimonial to the compelling force such men have wielded over awakening American civilization in all parts of the country. The issues they fought may have been purely local, and the system of honor they upheld

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Lady Anne Kerr feels that her countrymen in distant lands may be glad of the opportunity to send some help, however small, to assist her in this work. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by—

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often clouded by their own faults, but they should be placed, according to our author, among the "great."

Mr. Brooks's method of telling the story is not wholly new, but is undeniably effective. Each of Marvin's four sons—Matthew, the shrewd one, with an eye to his own ends even when supporting his father; Mark, the attractive, impulsive son who fought his father out of many a scrape, who loved fighting so much that he had a meteoric career in pugilism; Luke, the "trimmer," whose standards were not less high than his father's, but whose lesser courage made him the black sheep of the family; John, the scholar, who returned home to stand beside old Marvin in his last good fight against community blindness—each of these sons, as well as Ruth, the daughter, writes of his father in the portion of the book allotted to him. As each was associated with Marvin at different periods of the latter's career, and as each measures the father by his own standards, the effect is cumulative, and results in a family history as well as the story of its guiding light. It should be noted that Mr. Brooks's narrative manner is journalistic, terse, dramatic. The net result is an absorbing story.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Peris and Panniers

The Women of the Eighteenth Century, by Edmond and Jules De Goncourt; translated by Jacques Le Clercq and Ralph Roeder. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $5.00.

"WOMAN, lovely woman," in the fine work written by the brothers Goncourt in their finely detailed and selective style, showed herself in the eighteenth century, decked out with the showy plumage and the tinseled fabrics of a creature hardly emancipated from the harem. No wonder Victor Hugo could write to the authors: "I find myself suffering in all those charming and mutilated women, of whom you have composed, masterfully, your arch-type of woman of the eighteenth century. I read your most delicate pages often with distress, with acute pain."

Throughout this masterly book, that has so long awaited a version in English, womankind is trailed with a splendor unequaled perhaps in any earlier or later century, yet under such conditions of slavery, injustice, deformation and lack of real respect as is unprecedented in any period since the fall of paganism.

There are here some dark pages upon the misuses to which the convents were brought during this degraded materialistic epoch: when mothers refused to see their own daughters and threw them into the hands of servants, later on into world-infested convents and finally into the profligate arms of suitors who considered only their dowries and family connections.

The effect of all this soullessness and ambience of evil resulted in extraordinary malformations of character, fabulous vice, and in all too many cases in appalling imbecility, which at the end could not be covered up by silks and satins and tinsels. Corruption bred in the bones of these women reacted again in the corruption of the tyrant man and the general dissoluteness that marked the last years of this great and unpleasant eighteenth century.

The brothers Goncourt, with careful study, discriminating seelction and profound analysis, produced a book invaluable to any student of sociology on the questions of female character and its effects upon general history. These are strong pages, some of them, for study by our educators of women, giving warning and guidance to the profit of our seething generation.

THOMAS WALSH.

Briefer Mention

The Haunted Castle: A Study of the Elements of English Romanticism, by Eino Railo. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.00.

A REVIVAL of interest in the romantic fiction which crept into the English eighteenth century on the heels of Sterne and Smollett is testified to by a new biography of Horace Walpole and similar matters. Mr. Railo has essayed a study of the "elements" involved in this romanticism—the haunted Gothic castle, the subterranean passageway, the ghostly supernatural and the criminal monk. He unpacks the curious treasure and spreads it out before one in several lengthy, crowded, but on the whole interesting, chapters. Convinced though he is that Shakespeare was the source from which Walpole and others derived inspiration, he generally avoids pushing this conclusion too far. The eccentricities and genuine originalities of people like Mrs. Radcliffe and Matthew Gregory Lewis are appreciatively chronicled. Finally an effort is made to trace the influence of the romantic materials upon later writers, including Byron, Coleridge and Shelley. This is more debatable ground, but upon it is reared the more estimable portions of Mr. Railo's volume. It is a competent, fluent, well-made book, but it is not first-rate literary criticism. The author writes without much sense of perspective and seems to be content with a comparatively superficial summary of information.

If You Go to South America, by Harry L. Foster. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

SOUTH AMERICA is a continent of contrasts and the student and traveler would be wise to clarify his plans as to just what he wishes to see and study before starting upon so expansive a voyage. Harry L. Foster proves an excellent aid in any quandary that may confront the tourist or traveling agent. He is clear in his indications of business opportunities as he is helpful to the romantic-minded wanderer. The lover of the quaint and historic is guided through the Panama cities, Quito, Cuzco and Lima: he is informed of his opportunities in Santiago de Chile, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, where the pleasures and profits are honestly outlined. Mr. Foster has a certain facetiousness in the face of the Church, her ceremonies and traditions, but an intelligent Catholic will not be harmed by his rough handling of sacred things and will forgive conceptions of faith and customs that are somewhat crude but never dishonest. Altogether an excellent guide book, If You Go to South America makes an admirable supplement to Miss Annie S. Peck's standard book, The South American Tour.

The Small Missal. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cloth, $.80; French Morocco, $2.40.

SINCE its first edition in 1924, The Small Missal, prepared for the use of Catholics who while desiring to follow the liturgical action of the Mass and Vespers, prefer something simpler and less cumbersome than a complete missal or vesperal, has enjoyed so popular a patronage that the American publisher now reproduces it in an inexpensive and suitable form. It is a vade mecum that will appeal to devout souls of scholarly cast of mind, wishing to conform as closely as possible with the sacred mysteries of our religion.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Ah, Euphemia—back again?" queried Dr. Angelicus politely as he rose to greet an indignant figure on the library threshold. "Take off your wraps and sit down."

"I don't know that I care to," replied Euphemia haughtily. "I'm not making this call for social reasons, but rather on matters of principle."

"Well, can't you sit down on matters of principle?" asked the Doctor blandly.

"One always stands up for those," reminded Euphemia, more gently. "However, I will sit down, as my goloshes have goloshed quite a bit today, and, besides, I must have a serious talk with you."

"My dear Euphemia, you are never at your best when serious," remonstrated the Doctor. "Besides, you look as though you were going to scold me, and you know I'm not used to that any more. In your absence, a certain peace has descended on this library."

"There is no one now who has the affectionate regard for your best interests that I had," said Euphemia sternly, "and you have been sadly neglected—in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, I may add. Why are you wearing low shoes on this snowy day? And what has your incompetent barber been doing to you?"

"He's your barber, too," sulked Angelicus. "You might ask him."

"I will," declared Euphemia firmly. "And see that you put on high shoes tomorrow. Now, for other matters."

"Yes?" asked the Doctor meekly, trying to hide a box of candy under some papers on his desk.

"It was mainly on your intellectual lapses (you know candy isn't good for you) that I came to see you today," went on Euphemia. "You have been, since time immemorial, the distinguished and brilliant leader (heavens! They're chocolates!) of the conversations that are held in this library—a leader of profound judgment and intellect (if you must eat candy you should always get peppermint sticks) and moreover, yours is an intellect that ripens and enriches all it touches (I really believe they have marshmallow centres!) And yet, in spite of the undoubtedly high conversational tone you have steadily maintained, I notice, my dear Doctor, one lamentable lapse (there! you've got chocolate on your nose!) in many of your recent discourses. Not to beat about the bush any longer, just why have you been neglecting women?"

"I?" asked Angelicus aggrievedly, "I? My dear Euphemia, I hope I shall never be justly accused of that."

"I mean in your intellectual discourses," persisted Euphemia.

"Oh, come now, Euphemia, there's a time and a place for everything," said the Doctor—"even women."

"Yes, and there's a place for them in intellectual discourse too!" pursued Euphemia hotly. "Particularly just now."

"My dear child, I am, I might say, only too familiar with your ideas—"

"Don't be impolite," interrupted Euphemia.

"And all I would ask," continued Angelicus suavely, "is why you think the immediate present so pressing for the discussion of women in intellectual circles?"

"Precisely because two men who think they are intellectual leaders have recently denounced woman's presence in literature and the theatre," declared Euphemia.

"Have they, indeed, my dear?" asked the Doctor kindly. "Well, there, you see, I, on the other hand, have said nothing

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about them at all. I have preferred to remain chivalrously silent."

"You remind me," said Euphemia, "of that ancient joke of the public speaker: 'I would rather say nothing and be thought a fool, than to open my mouth and remove all doubt.'"

"Time has not softened you any, Euphemia," murmured the Doctor sadly.

"Let's" persisted Euphemia, ignoring this sally, "consider St. John Ervine."

"Let's don't," protested Angelicus. "I'm sure, whatever he's said about women, that I agree with him."

"Don't commit yourself to such imbecility until you've at least heard it," said Euphemia, holding up a newspaper clipping. "Let me read it to you."

"What must be, must be," esoterically sighed the Doctor.

"Alan Dale writes," read Euphemia, "that 'St. John Ervine has recently said that the great day of the theatre was when there were no women either on the stage or in the audiences. To emphasize his point, he has announced that he would permit no woman under forty to enter his theatre.'—You surely don't agree with that, Doctor?"

"Heaven forbid!" pronounced Angelicus. "I certainly should not like to see the theatre turned into an old ladies' home. All under forty barred! Why, for that matter, he would have no women at all, for what woman would admit—"

"Try another tune," broke in Euphemia, "for that rather strained idea forms much of Mr. Dale's further comment in this article. But that isn't all," she went on. "Just look at Lord Birkenhead here, in the New York Times."

"'Lord Birkenhead,'" read Angelicus, "'the other evening announced as his considered opinion that women writers of distinction were not in any way comparable to male writers of distinction. He particularly took novel writing as the test of woman's intellectual inferiority in the creative art.'"

"There!" cried Euphemia. "Did you ever hear such tosh?"

"Don't be too hard on him," pleaded the Doctor. "Perhaps he had good reason for discouraging women novelists. Perhaps his wife has threatened to do what a prominent public character recently alleged his wife had done—commit the terrible gaucherie in her novel of caricaturing her statesman-husband."

"Well, if they're novelists, they've got to write about something," remarked Euphemia enigmatically as she rose to go.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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